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Mostly about People

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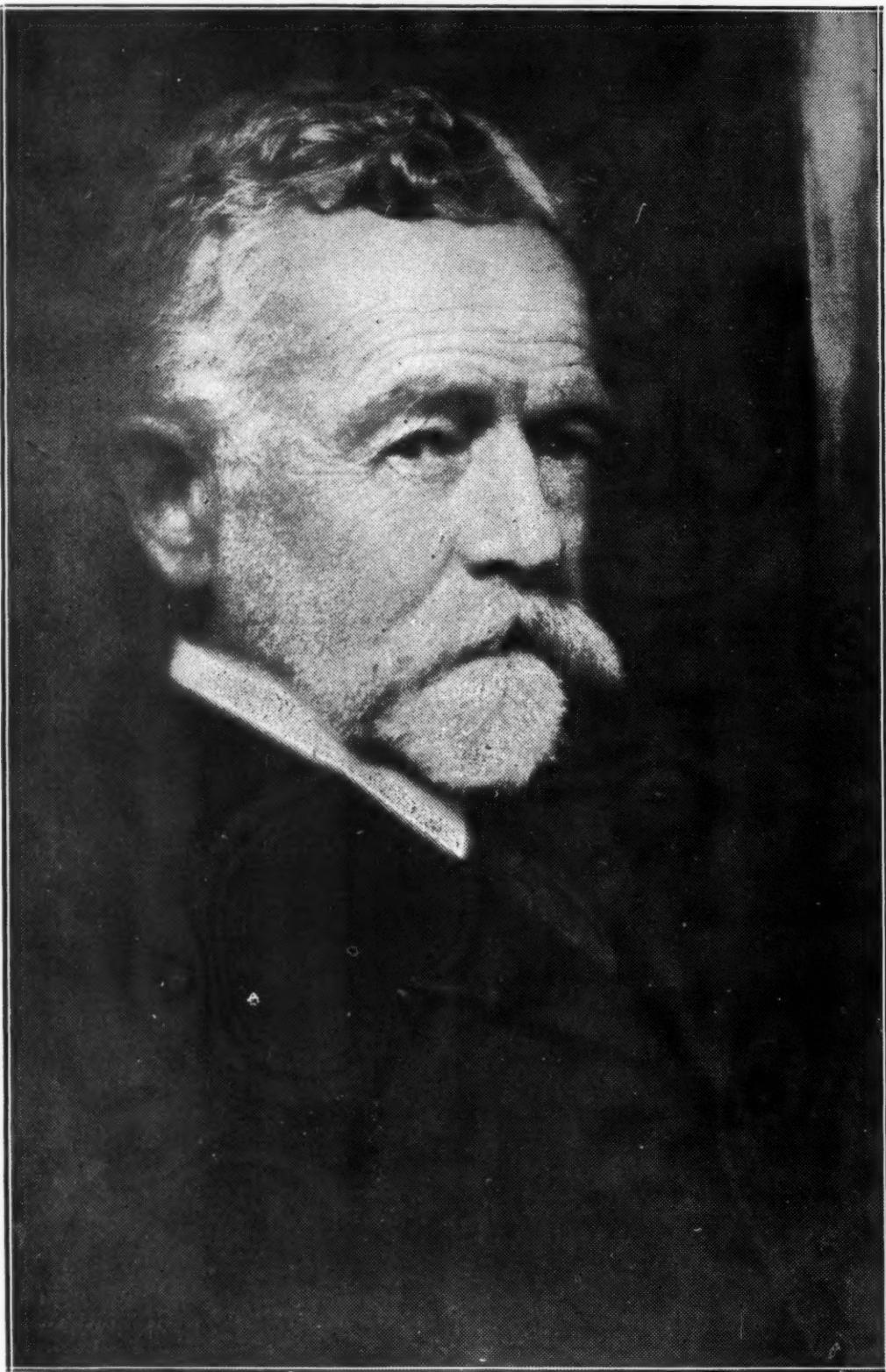
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HENRY CABOT LODGE
1850-1924

The elder statesman passing leaves the nation to mourn the loss of a true patriot. Boston's greatly honored son—a scholar and a statesman—he was the leading champion of the Monroe Doctrine and kept the United States out of the League of Nations



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



THE achievements of Lowell Smith and his men have added triumphs to the records of aviation credited to America. In Europe the practical air routes have been developed much more rapidly. Every day many airships hop from London to Paris in two and a half hours, and the trip from Paris to Brussels, Amsterdam, Strausburg and Frankfort—an eight-hour run by rail—is compressed into a journey of one and one-half hours. The airships carry sixteen people. Many of the passengers are bridal parties keen for adventure, starting out their new life, seeking a new thrill as they soar in the skies. They get a view of the very tips of the steeples, the tops of the trees, and nooks and crevices in the mountains never before looked upon by human eyes. The fields spread out like an irregular checkerboard, with the canals and rivers winding gracefully below, making the earth look like a scene in toyland. The vision of a landscape from above is truly a bird's-eye view. It is a view that birds have had exclusively through summer and winter flights for centuries past. Mankind will never permit the prowess of the animal kingdom to supersede its domain.

The arrival of the Zeppelin ZR-3 across the Atlantic brought joy to Germany as she saw the creature of her genius soar for the land where helium can be secured and safeguard the safety of Zeppelin transportation. It is felt that the United States will develop blimp transportation at a rapid pace. The flight of the Shenandoah to Seattle over the mountain ranges was counted even a greater test than that of crossing the ocean, for the very breaks and air curves made the sweep across the continent indeed a cruise. If Seattle is within easy sailing distance of Washington,—Alaska is not far away. One aviator confidently predicts that it will not be long before transportation to Alaska will be more frequent than steamer service. Air service will bring about a speedy development of the far-flung northwestern frontier of the United States.



PREPARATIONS are being made for a lively time at the last session of the expiring Congress. There may not be much done. It is a time when the defeated and re-elected Congressmen meet and close up the books and make it easier or harder for their successors, as the feeling may dictate. The old members, due for retirement, still have hope of playing some part in the campaign of 1924, providing the election is thrown into the Legislative "melting pot" and the fire is hot. A discussion of this turn of the campaign served to bring out the vote of all sides and to make the verdict decisive and eliminate the prospect of a long-drawn-out, political log-rolling session of an expiring Congress to provide a President. In Switzer-

land and some other countries, the President is elected by the legislative bodies, but the people of the U. S. A. have been so accustomed to having a popular choice named for President that the precedent will not be welcomed as a full, free expression of the wishes of the sovereign voter.

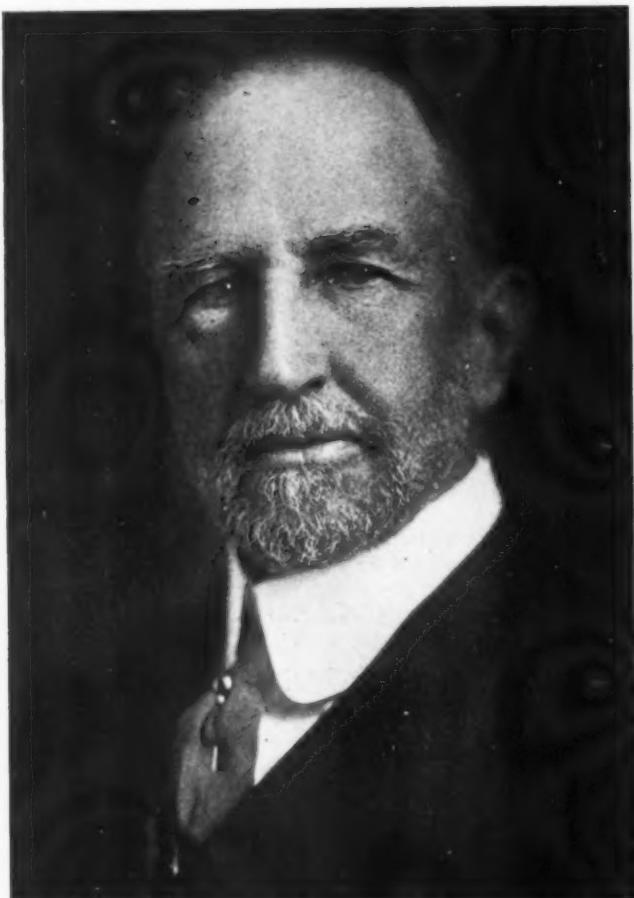


THE White House was the scene of quasi-campaign gatherings during October. Inspired by campaign enthusiasm, labor groups, theater blocs, and advertising crusades have visited the White House. Al Jolson, a native of Washington, accused of carrying napkins away in his pockets after breakfast at the White House, sang a campaign song in real



CALVIN COOLIDGE

Elected President of the United States by the most amazing victory in political history. Overwhelmingly endorsed by the electorate of the country



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FREDERICK H. GILLETT

Speaker of the National House of Representatives, elected Senator from Massachusetts after a spirited contest

graphophone style. Delegations have come and gone at the White House as they visited McKinley at Canton, and Harding at Marion. A visiting campaign seems more successful in the outcome than "swings around the circle." Visitors at the White House were surmised as having a campaign purpose in view. Whether true or not it has been a merry, good-natured autumn in Washington. The President has not denied the charge made against him that he was paid \$250 for a speech delivered while Vice-President, following the good custom of Vice-President Marshall and other Congressmen and Senators in Chautauqua work. Issues are issues.

The feature of the campaign at Washington has been the radio talks of President Coolidge, reaching vast multitudes who insist that they feel a personal contact in these talks. The voice of Coolidge has become as familiar as Caruso's and furnishes a long-distance magnetism.

His campaign managers builded even better than they knew. The country was already sold on the idea of retaining Coolidge for another four years, and the voters were allowed to confirm that idea without undue urging.

There was no grass growing under the feet of Candidate John W. Davis, who made a vigorous campaign, and Senator La Follette was not asleep in watching every vantage point for gathering in a few votes. The chief functionary in the campaign slush fund hearings was Senator Borah. The coup evolved in the 1921 pre-convention campaign has become a tradition. It was "watch your step" until President Vauclain of the Baldwin Locomotive Works declared himself and insisted he was still insistent upon individual rights to support his political party as untrammelled as he supported his church. His remarks punctured some bunk.

FROM the reports of lynx-eyed dramatic critics it looks like a season for unusual good plays. Even the enhanced price paid to ticket-brokers in New York will not be begrimed. Many of the plays will appear in Washington to cheer up the defeated "bloc." Such plays as William Hodge's "For All of Us," being continued over from previous seasons to leaven the loaf, will enable some Senators and members of Congress to evolve a new philosophy and observe the fallacy of the bloc system. "For All of Us" is a shining slogan for the U. S. A. that does not inspire legislation that concerns the welfare of any one class.

At the White House there was little anxiety indicated in reference to the fate of some of the bloc Senators and Congressmen who have been making merry with the President's suggestions, who were later seeking, humbly and beseechingly, presidential support in the days when their political fate was hanging in the balance. The time is approaching when you will be able to tell whether a man is a Republican or a Democrat after election—as well as before the ballots are cast. The bloc system has been the curse of Europe, and Americans are becoming tired of this imported system of Soviet political bunco which has been practised upon the voters. They will hereafter insist on casting a party ballot with the hope that the party pledges will be kept when the successful candidates are taking the oath of office.



NAVY DAY was a real holiday. Flags and bunting adorned Uncle Sam's war ships in many harbors. Something of the old-time spirit and enthusiasm was manifested in three cheers for "the army and navy forever." The opposition of the pacifists blew up.

Most significant of the day was the order of Secretary of the Navy Wilbur to permit the Navy to have soda-pop again—for, remember, even bottled soda waters were banished by former Secretary Daniels for fear that it might lead to abrogating the prohibition which he had established in the Navy some time before it became a constitutional amendment.

Then, too, Navy Day also revealed the fact that the Washington Conference had proven to be a great success in the saving of millions of dollars in additional expenditure in naval appropriations to the signatory powers, and yet in no way seems to have diminished the confidence and enthusiasm in the Navy, with its glorious memories of Paul Jones and Nelson of Trafalgar. Where could we look for aviation development outside the Navy and Army?



WHEN Lieutenant Lowell Smith returned to Washington after his flight around the world he said, "The cry of the world is for speed." From the ox cart to the swift-moving aeroplane going two hundred and seventy-four miles an hour; from the pony express with its message to the radio, flashing a message ten times around the world in a second; there is still a cry for speed. Now pictures can be made at the rate of thirty-two thousand photographs per second, two hundred



ALFRED E. SMITH
Re-elected Governor of New York by a smashing majority in face of the Republican landslide

times motion picture speed. The mysteries of Nature are now brought within the horizon of physical vision. This new camera can take the picture of a pigeon released from a basket with his wings flapping and show it definitely in slow motion. What the eye may miss in swiftness of flight and motion can now be reduced so men can use the camera as a matter of research in dissecting anything from the growth of a flower or the opening of a bud to the flap of the wings of an insect. All this is possible under the high speed developed in taking pictures which makes it possible to reduce that picture so that nearly every motion can be microscopically viewed.



THE recognition of the Soviet by France did not seem to shake the determination of Secretary Hughes not to recognize a government that is not stable and willing to carry out obligations. He was not willing to hand out blank checks. Commercial and industrial benefits as in France or England are of secondary consideration. Ramsay MacDonald's labor government in Great Britain went down to defeat because of flirting too much with the red flag. The evidence accumulates that the Soviet government is far from being a real government. There are many millions of people in Russia who do not even know of its existence, except through taxation and contributions to the propaganda that the government persistently continues to spread the spirit of socialism and communism. As one speaker remarked in the recent English campaign: "It is the red flag in peace and the white flag in war." The conviction obtains among close observers that Soviet is only another lash of tyranny transferred from the hand of a Czar or a Grand Duke to the red army and a group of men who are planning to overturn the governments of England and the United States through appealing to the working men in the guise of the internationale. President Herriot of France felt that something must be done towards restoring trade with Russia with a hope of securing some payments on the large indebtedness due to France, which was incurred in the days of an alliance with Russia to protect themselves against the industrial aggressions of England and Germany.



FOUR times the White House has been used for funeral services during the present administration: First, for President Harding; second, for Mrs. Work; third, for Calvin Coolidge, Jr.; and fourth for the late Secretary Henry Wallace. His death proved a shock to the many friends he has made since coming to Washington. He was altogether a most efficient administrator of the Agricultural Department and kept very close to his work.

Henry C. Wallace was born in Rock Island, Illinois, in 1866. His parents later moved to Iowa, and he graduated from the Iowa State Agricultural College at Ames. His father was a farmer and editor of a farm paper. The son began his career as a farmer and stock raiser in Adair County. Later he was chosen as professor of dairying in Iowa State Agricultural College. As editor of *Creamery Gazette* and *Farm and Dairy* he proved one of the best writers on farm topics in journalism. Joining his father as manager and associate editor of *Wallace's Farmer*, he became a prominent figure in agricultural matters. He was a member of the United States Live Stock Industry Commission during the war and took an active part in the war work council of the Y. M. C. A.

The late Secretary Wallace was of sturdy stock and a hard worker. He was thoroughly familiar with the multitude of details of the Department of Agriculture, extending from Alaska to the Philippines. On the tour through Alaska he became enthusiastic, late at night going through fields of wheat and barley, located on the very border of the Arctic Circle. His department had charge of the forestry reserves and he



CHARLES G. DAWES

Elected Vice-President of the United States. Aside from Theodore Roosevelt, the most forceful character ever to hold that position, he may be expected to make a record for originality

knew his facts about the trees in Uncle Sam's domain, traveling many thousands of miles over unblazed trails and gathering his information first hand. As a boy he used to visit Tama Jim Wilson of Iowa, then Secretary of Agriculture, and expressed the ambition as a lad that the great dream of his life was to be Secretary of Agriculture of the United States.

Every phase and activity of agriculture the world over seems to have been known to him and to the last he continued alert, gathering facts and information that might be of help to the American farmer. As Commissioner of the National Forest Reservation, he revelled in the wonderful knowledge of trees the world over. I have seen him examine the trees in Sitka and throughout Alaska and on through the far West just as if they were animals. He would even stop and gently caress the bark of the noble pine, oak or elm, his favorite trees. Truly a lover of the soil, and products of the soil, his work as Secretary of Agriculture has resulted in substantial progress for the calling which he honored—for no distinction pleased him more than to be hailed as a good farmer.



AS a fitting reward for the prize piece of "dumb-bell" legislation, the present Congress of the United States certainly should be presented with the silver fire tongs in recognition of its distinguished service to the public at large by making it possible for every newspaper in the country to broadcast the amount of income tax paid by any person of sufficient importance in any line of endeavor or any station in life to make such a detail of their private affairs worth while as "news."

Hardly any item of information regarding any well-known character passes so easily at its face value as does the most unfounded rumor regarding the amount of his personal income, the size of his salary, or the magnitude of his wealth.

Why this is so, we shall not attempt to explain, but that it



THE LATE CHARLES S. FEE

Passenger Traffic Manager of the Southern Pacific Railroad. The man who in a great measure made known the beauties of the Yellowstone to a million American tourists

is a fact is abundantly evidenced every day in the year by the avidity shown by the press in seizing upon every obtainable item of information regarding the earned or unearned increment of every individual who chances to rise into public view.

Shrewd editors realize that the reading public craves that information and cater assiduously to the craving. As most of this information is based largely upon rumor, hearsay, and guess-work, no particular harm is done, and no one's rights of privacy especially invaded. That such is a fact is proved by the surprising variation between the imaginary incomes popularly ascribed to certain widely known moving picture stars, for instance, and their actual incomes as denoted by their income tax returns now made public to the curious enquirer—and, conversely, by the tremendous income taxes paid by some individuals unknown to fame and supposed by their neighbors, friends, and acquaintances to be people of only moderate means.

The law, as it now stands—if it has been correctly interpreted—is a bad law, in the respect that it sanctions an unwarranted invasion of personal rights. When any business man discloses to the government for the purpose of taxation the intimate details of his financial affairs, he is surely warranted in expecting that disclosure to be held inviolate—as a privileged communication—virtually a personal matter between the government and himself.

One of the things that the average man of large affairs is most at pains to keep from public knowledge is the amount of his personal income. There are any number of perfectly valid private and business reasons to be advanced in explanation of this reticence upon a purely personal matter—in addition to the very sufficient one that it is nobody else's business.

Every community—large or small—is afflicted with its full quota of Paul Prys, busybodies, gossips and meddlers in other people's affairs—and this matter of making public property of what should be an inviolate secret furnishes just the sort of mental pabulum that they best thrive upon.

The law, as it stands—if correctly interpreted—is an indefensible violation of private rights, and as such should be repealed at the earliest possible moment. And, too, it is economically unsound as well as ethically wrong—inasmuch as that if it is allowed to stand it will inevitably drive the victims of its provisions to adopt every possible expedient for diverting and covering up their real income, thus reducing the amount of income tax they pay into the coffers of the government. There is such a thing as killing the goose that lays the golden egg—as other nations have found out to their sorrow—and the all too prevalent idea that people of wealth are fair targets for every sort of quasi-legalized extortion and exploitation is wholly and completely wrong.



ONCE more the Prince of Wales has come and gone! His popularity in America would enable him to make a good run for Senator from Long Island. His enthusiasm over polo games and his democracy and frank admiration of American ladies, won the American heart. With his hat or cap jauntily tilted to one side, a rim turned down, his clear blue eyes sparkling with guileless mischievous humor, he was voted everywhere the highest compliment that can be paid to humans by Americans—"He is a real fellow." The opinion is current in some quarters in England that the Prince of Wales is not keen about taking up the Kingship and ascending the throne. He does not seem to be enamored with the power of the sceptre, and has intimated that his brother may be King and his sister-in-law, of whom he is very proud, is fitted for Queenship, and that he will never marry.

He loves his ranch in Alberta and the care-free days on the plains. As Lord Renfrew, his incognito is respected, and Americans and Canadians vote him a real prince of good fellows in the broadest sense of the word. Like his distinguished grandfather, he enjoys the role of Prince of Wales apparently more than the anticipation of wearing a crown and going through the ordeal of a coronation in Westminster and mixing up with the political cauldron in Great Britain, where a ministry must be made and unmade every time there is an election.



WHEN the American passenger agents of railroads and steamship lines returned from their trip to Europe in October, the tourist business of the world became more cohesive than ever before. They were royally received in Europe, and every country they visited had on its best bib and tucker to encourage the flow of American tourists with their dollars in that direction. The American passenger agents have done more to stimulate education by travel than any other one organization. It has been their chief function. They have fully exploited "seeing America" and encouraged people to see people and places for themselves. The genius of the age is business and exploitation, and this tour of the American passenger agents called to mind that pioneer of tourist travel, the late Charles S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager of the Southern Pacific Railroad. He launched one of the first extensive tourist campaigns, heralding the beauties of Yellowstone, when he was general passenger agent of the Northern Pacific. He knew every nook and corner of the Park and understood the average American's love of Nature and travel. He brought into action the best writers and artistic talent in the folders and books portraying his beloved Yellowstone. He did more than this in initiating a systematic campaign to interest people in

Courtesy of *The Vaudeville News*

THE above photo shows Al Jolson, with his "gang" of vaudeville, musical comedy and dramatic celebrities, on the grounds of the White House, October 17, with Jolson leading his bunch in singing the new Coolidge song. They journeyed from New York to Washington on a special train and had breakfast with the President and Mrs. Coolidge at the White House. Raymond Hitchcock can be seen in the left foreground, and the man on the right, with the music sheet in his hand, is Gerald Griffin, well-known Irish tenor and member of the N. V. A. It will be recalled that a similar journey was made by Jolson and his "gang" to Marion, Ohio, during the famous front porch campaign of the late President Harding.

studying and visiting points of interest and places that had not yet appeared in the school geographies.

It was a notable tribute paid to his memory when his associates, in their hurried tour to Europe, would remark: "What would Charles Fee have done with this or that?"

The reception given to this delegation was significant and important in opening the way for more trade for America to counterbalance the millions that are expended by tourists in Europe. The journey blazed a pathway for commerce and established a closer and better understanding than had ever existed before between individuals directly concerned with the great problems of transportation. While they did not find the comforts of a Pullman or the delights of an American dining car in Europe they returned with a feeling of satisfaction as to what had been accomplished, and a determination to even excel the service to the public which has made American railroads and transportation famous the world over.



EIGHT years ago the NATIONAL MAGAZINE contained an article on "Calvin Coolidge, Real American." Naturally in the flush of a victory of ten million majority, unparalleled in all history, we turned back the pages of the NATIONAL and re-read that article with renewed interest. The judgment of his friends at that time has more than been fulfilled. It was apparent then that the sense of honor, of righteousness and unswerving integrity was interwoven in the future of the modest man then a member of the Massachusetts legislature. His friends believed in him then as the people believe in him now. He has the complete and component parts of an ideal executive, and knows what not to do. His survey of world conditions at this time would indicate that Calvin Coolidge is the man of the hour. He represents America with a conscience and a sympathy as broad as the world itself. With a modesty that is uncanny, a faith that is unshaking, a purpose that is practical and possible, the people of America know and feel that faith in Calvin Coolidge that he pronounced as

Governor as his faith in the people and in Massachusetts. His features fairly glow with short, crisp sentences and epigrams that vitalize the old platitudes which sometimes it seems we, as a nation, are prone to forget.

The people are coming to know the human side of Calvin Coolidge as his old friends knew him. The vice-president who was mindful of thanking a dear old lady in Massachusetts for a box of old-fashioned candy and who can go home, take off his shoes and put his feet in the oven and talk without speaking represents the old-fashioned ideal of American manhood, thoroughly modernized. One month after he became President of the United States he received his salary check. The economic committee had pared it down to the exact day and date that he took the oath of office, but he did not complain. When the messenger entered he was standing near the window looking out toward the Potomac. After the check had been given him, Mr. Coolidge folded it carefully and neatly and put it in his vest pocket as if it was a hat check. The messenger retired, but saw the face of a scribe seeking for information entering and he responded to the gesture and returned.

"Is there anything else, Mr. President?" he said, as he neared the door. The President looked at him steadily a moment, then with a smile turning up the corners of his lips replied:

"Come again," and the people have extended the invitation made to the messenger most heartily. "Come again!" they voted—eighteen million strong!

Calvin Coolidge was then comparatively unknown to the country, but when the Boston police struck, the country discovered "Calvin Coolidge, All-American." His reply in action suited the memorable words: "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time."

The article continued: "While the red flag may still wave in Russia, its doctrines will certainly not be tolerated on the free soil of America. Organizations that blindly propagate and permit law and order to be defied will follow the Kaiser to their doom."

How prophetic these words written about Calvin Coolidge

Continued on page 180

Harold Vining—New England Poet

Time was when New England—and Boston in particular—was the cradle of literature in America. The New England poets left a noble heritage, which this young genius is endeavoring to restore

At a meeting of the New England Women's Press Association, held at the Lenox Hotel the other afternoon, I heard Harold Vinal, a New England poet, read from his latest book "Voyage," and the thought came as I listened to his beautiful and impressive voice, that to render poetry by the voice and seize it by the ear, exacts an almost sacred attention. There must exist between the reader and his hearers the closest bond, without which the electric communication of feelings cannot take place. If this cohesion of souls is lacking, the poet is like an angel trying to sing the hymns of heaven amid the sneers of hell. Now, in circumstances which develop their faculties, persons of intellect have the circumferential sight of snails, the nose of dogs, the ear of moles; they see, scent, and hear everything about them. "This cannot be understood by any but great artists, or those whose enthusiasm and lofty intellect put them on that level." The musician and the poet know as quickly whether they are admired or misunderstood as a plant wilts or freshens in a suitable or unsuitable atmosphere.

"What is it to hate poetry? It is to have no little dreams or fancies, no holy memories of golden days, to be unmoved by serene midsummer evenings or dawn over wild lands, singing or sunshine, little tales told by the fire a long while since, glow worms and briar roses; for of all these things and more is poetry made. It is to be cut off forever from the fellowship of great men that are gone; to see men and women without their halos and the world without its glory; to miss the meaning lurking behind the common things, like elves hiding in flowers; it is to beat one's hands all day against the gates of fairyland and to find that the gates are shut and the country empty, and its kings gone hence."

"If they have no joy, is there joy upon earth?" We can hardly feel too much respect for the noble spirits into which God casts His rays. Yes, poesy is a holy thing. To speak of poesy is to speak of suffering. How many wakeful nights were the cost of those stanzas we heard and admired? Let us bow in love before a poet who leads, I may say, always, a troubled life, but for whom God has reserved a place in heaven among His prophets.

If the end of poesy be to bring ideas to the precise point where all the world can see them and can feel them, the poet must incessantly run the gamut of all human intellects, so that he may meet and satisfy them all; he must cover with glowing colors both sentiment and logic,—two powers antagonistic to each other; he must inclose a world of thoughts in a line, sum up philosophies in a picture; his poems are seeds which must fructify in hearts, finding their soil in personal experience. Must he not have felt all to give all, and to feel all, is not that to suffer everything? Poems are born after painful journeys through vast regions of thought and solitude. Surely those works are immortal which

By MARION G. GODDETTE

have created beings whose life is more living than that of other beings who have lived and died.

Richardson's "Clarissa;" Chénier's "Camille;" The "Delia" of Tibullus; The "Angelica" of Ariosto; the "Francesca" of Dante; Molière's "Alceste;" Beaumarchais's "Figaro;" the "Rebecca" of Walter Scott; the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes.

"Thelma"—Harold Vinal's masterpiece, haunts my memory as the beauty of Keats, for to both of them is beauty an obsession. "Such glorious travail needs long gestation, much experience of the world, the study of passions and human interests," to which "the brain gives birth" in song.

It is Mr. Vinal's faith in poetry as an uplifting force that led him to start, in Boston, two years ago, "Voices," a quarterly devoted entirely to poetry. It is certainly a commendable ambition to try to restore to "Modern Athens" her

lost literary heritage. Philadelphia has an all-poetry magazine; Chicago and New York, amidst the din of many noises, have made the poetical cry heard. Boston surely ought not to be left behind in this effort to cultivate the public taste so that it can discriminate between the good and bad in modern poetry.

The voice of Mr. Vinal is the voice of one who is forever English, and many of the poems in "Voyage" are cries from the heart of one who is fated by the cruel circumstance of life to be forever exiled from the land of his forefathers, England. Thus, standing solitary on a New England quay, this young poet, with English-sea-blue eyes, gazes across the wide waters of the Atlantic, "our great sweet mother," listening for the voices of his brother-poets in England where George is yet king, and where the poets of his realm are still known as the Georgians, and they cry: "We are your kinsmen, come"; and Mr. Vinal is of their company. But although there is little salt-water tang in these poems full of nostalgia for the sea, one hears in them the authentic Georgian note of beauty—the natural beauty of wind and water and sky, and the cry of birds, and the noise of ships going down to the sea, and because Mr. Vinal can find beauty in a bruised apple in an orchard and ivory figures on a fan, certain of these poems are obviously fashioned to read in a London drawing-room to a company of slender English women with pale silent faces. But Mr. Vinal is a Boston poet with a Back Bay audience. Is this the answer why "Voices" seeks support in New York—that the struggle of the young poet, editor and publisher, for he has brought out four new poets this season, is a self-set task for the sake of art and beauty "borne alone," for but scant appreciation has come from "the city of culture." The "balm of gilead" does not flourish here.

"Suffer, yes, you must suffer, my friend, to be great, and sufferings will be the price of your immortality. God keep you from an enervated, sterile life without contests, where the wings of the eagle find no space to spread. I envy your trials, for at least you live; you exercise your strength; you aspire to victory; your struggle will end in fame. When you reach the imperial sphere where great minds sit enthroned, remember those poor souls who He has disinherited, whose intellect is annihilated by moral nitrogen; who have to die knowing what life is, but never having lived it; whose eyes are keen, and yet see nothing; whose sense of smell is delicate and knows no fragrance but that of poisoned flowers. When you are famous, my friend, sing of the plant that is wilting in the depths of a forest, choked by lichen, by rank vegetations, never loved by the sun, dying without having flowered: ah! it will be a poem full of dreadful melancholy, a subject for all imaginations."

What a sublime conception would be the picture of one born beneath the skies of Asia, or better still, a child of the desert, transferred to a



HAROLD VINING, New England poet, editor of "Voices," a quarterly magazine devoted entirely to poetry and publisher of books of poetry, is making an earnest effort to restore to the "Modern Athens" her lost literary heritage

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Countess Karolyi, the Hungarian Exile

The spirit of Kossuth appears again in America in the person of Countess Karolyi, who hopes to have dreams of a freedom like the United States realized in her native Hungary

STANDING on the deck of the U. S. liner *George Washington*, on an October evening, Countess Karolyi exclaimed to me as we passed the Statue of Liberty:

"At last! How much that statue means to the world! I have longed, since a child, to see it. This is a real thrill for me!"

On her radiant face was an expression like that of one worshipping. She continued looking long and intent on the shadowy skyline of New York, where the great skyscrapers were standing out like giants guarding a peaceful camp—on that Sunday night.

During the voyage a young woman was observed playing deck tennis. She played vigorously and with the graceful motions of an athlete. Speaking English, she was soon acquainted with the passengers, for she was ever making inquiries about our own America which appeals to returning tourists. The foreigners were not permitted to land that night, but little did we dream in parting with the Countess that her arrival would be challenged by the Security League. The long list of eminent American women who had agreed to become sponsors for her lecture tour in America were requested by the League to withdraw their names. Some of them did so, but the large majority stood by their pledge.

While not permitted to leave the boat, the Countess was given an enthusiastic ovation by Hungarians, who brought mammoth bouquets of flowers adorned with the colors of the U. S. A. and Hungary. The National Security League had called her the "Red Catherine of Europe"—but we found her the popular lady in pink. They claimed she was associated with the Bolsheviks and had come to launch Soviet propaganda, so that on her first night in America she was detained on the ship in port.

All this greatly surprised her fellow-passengers. Those who had talked with her agreed that she was one of the most highly intelligent and patriotic women they had ever met. Her one thought and plea was for Hungary—a free Republic of Hungary. She was constantly reading, writing, talking intelligently. There were no idle moments for the Countess, and the details of her life story, as it passed along from lip to lip, was the romance of the voyage. She stood out alone. One devoted to a cause, and that cause appealed to Americans.

Years ago Louis Kossuth rode down Broadway amid the thunder of cheers! Countess Karolyi rode in a taxicab to the home of her friends, after the immigration office had decided that her Yugoslavia passport, vised in England, was in regular order. Little groups of Hungarians followed her, eager for a word from one who represented so much in the hopes of a Hungary that might possess the liberties of a Republic of which Kossuth dreamed.

From the fragments of little chats, I gathered from her a biography suffused with thrilling inci-

dents. Born in Hungary, in that exclusive aristocracy which refused to even mingle with highly professional or literary people, to say nothing of merchants and peasants, "Hapsburg of Hapsburgers," she had an English governess, and as a child became interested in American history and gloried in the deeds of Kossuth. During the voyage she said the very name of the steamer and the passengers aboard the *George Washington*, made her wish that she was in America. She re-read the "Life of Washington" and had with her on deck a school history of the United States,

reviewing the events even more intently than she did as a girl with her tutor.

"The story of modern history, and the hope of the future, is in that book," she said, pointing to the volume which she had been studying carefully.

Her stepfather was Julius Andrassy, last Foreign Minister of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, who still remains a Royalist, visiting Prince Otto, the son of Emperor Charles in Spain, hoping for the time to come when he can return to take the Hungarian throne. Her grandfather



COUNTESS KAROLYI, the Hungarian exile, who has come to this country of her dreams to lecture in order to raise funds to meet the living expenses of her husband, herself, and their three little children. This because her husband, Count Michael Karolyi, an idealist, a member of one of the most exclusive families of the old and haughty Hungarian aristocracy, and heir to estates worth \$30,000,000, imbued with the spirit of Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot, and dreaming of freedom for the Magyar people, turned over his vast land holdings to be distributed among the peasants. We read of such romantic figures as the Count and Countess Karolyi in the pages of fiction—but rarely do we meet them in real life

negotiated with Bismarck and planned the German Alliance of 1878—and virtually created the Austria-Hungary Empire.

In her teens she became greatly interested in the work of Count Michael Karolyi on his visits to America. As a daughter of the household of the Foreign Ministry of Hungary, she saw much that deepened her interest in the dreams of a Republic. Although possessing the full quota of "quarterings" of blue blood to justify a marriage with the most exclusive of Hungarian aristocracy, she felt the emptiness and ennui of social life at the Court of Vienna. Following with keen interest the experiences of Count Michael Karolyi, a member of the famous Karolyi family which had been prominent in the history of Hungary for many centuries, she longed for the society of artists, scientists and eminent people who were doing things outside of the pale of her own exclusive circle. Mingling incognito with the middle class and serfs, despised by aristocracy just as they were despised by the Bolsheviks, she felt they were the hope of Hungary.

"Among the first books in English that impressed me was Max Nordau's 'Conventional Lies.' With a few girl associates, I discussed a new future for my own people. The peasants, and others with whom I talked, seemed to appeal to me." In spite of the fact that her social position placed her next to royalty, and that she was recognized as one of the most beautiful women at the Court in Vienna, she continued reading, thinking and observing. During the "merry music" of Hungarian balls in society or among the farmers seemed to sound a note of hope.

When Count Michael Karolyi, an heir to estates worth \$30,000,000, talked to her of his ideas after visiting America of distributing his estates to the peasants, she became interested. He wooed and won. He told her stories of the wonderful America; of what the peasants of Hungary had accomplished in a free country. Respected United States citizens the sons of serfs. Three-fourths of the people of Hungary possessed no land, although it is an agricultural country. They were held down and not permitted to aspire to anything. As her interest increased in the cause, she and the little group of girls associated with her were looked upon as wild women. In 1914 Count Karolyi in an address at the Central Opera House made the declaration that won her heart:

"I want the Magyar people to come and take away from me the land that rightfully belongs to them. When they awaken to this they will take it. As far as I am concerned, they are entirely welcome." This was a sensational utterance for a young man of wealth and nobility who had been regarded as an amiable addition to the circle of leisure-loving aristocracy. He stood by his statement, and if the Allies had understood Karolyi's position in 1918, the upheaval in Austria would not have been mistaken for Bolshevism or reaction. He had returned from America on the eve of the war and was interned in France.

When he finally arrived in Hungary, he was married to the Countess and together they continued their plea for democracy and protest against the war.

It was Count Berchtold, a cousin of Count Karolyi, who spent many a wakeful night writing that fateful ultimatum to the Serbs, making it as bitter as possible, that resulted in the tragedy of the World War. Countess Karolyi's stepfather, the son of the creator of the monarchy that made Franc Joseph King of Hungary and brought about the German Alliance, put his signature to the document that signed the death warrant of

the twin Empire. This treaty had been looked upon by the young Countess in early youth as an immortal document, but now she found herself not only an opponent to the treaty and German Alliance, but giving her life to the cause of destroying the dogmatic creed of the Empire.

It was Count Karolyi's grandmother who cursed the Hapsburg over the dead body of Battnyany, which the Hungarian folks believed was the reason for the many tragedies that followed the Hapsburg family ever after. Count Battnyany was sentenced to death because he rejected the amorous advances of Archduchess Sophie, mother of the young emperor, and woman's wounded vanity added another dark chapter to the tragedies of the Hapsburgs.

The honeymoon of Count and Countess Karolyi was spent in the horrors of the World War, when Vienna was filled with the crippled and wounded soldiers. Although they assisted and helped the soldiers in every way possible, they were not in sympathy with the cause of the Kaiser that had dragged Hungary into the hopeless struggle. When peace was declared, it was natural that Count Karolyi should be chosen President of the new Republic of Hungary. Countess Karolyi was the First Lady of the Land for six months, and graced the position as a worker rather than in social form. Then came the tide of Bolshevism, which swept them out, and with it all hope for a Republic.

* * *

The tinsel life of the Court had gone forever. When Admiral Horthy became Regent, Hungary remained as a kingdom, awaiting the advent of a king. The estates of Count Karolyi were confiscated and he and his wife were exiled, although it was the voice of Count Karolyi that had been heard in Parliament pleading for a Republic before the war.

"The day of the white terror arrived," said the Countess, "and the condemnation of our former friends was visited upon us. They have learned nothing from the war and wish to learn nothing. They called us traitors to our class. When my husband started to break up the old system of large estates for the people, as had been done in Rumania, Jugoslavia and Czecho-slovakia, they called it Bolshevism. The plan for each land owner to retain six hundred and fifty-eight acres and the balance to be sold on easy terms at pre-war prices to the people was rejected by the reactionaries. My husband set the example by turning over his estates. The Republic came too late; chaos set in and Count Karolyi retired to save useless bloodshed, and for that he was branded a Bolshevik.

"We went to Czecho-slovakia with our three children, but we were not safe, for we were told that the Horthy Government had promised rewards, statues and medals to the person who would kill my husband. One messenger even showed him the revolver he had been given to prove "a saviour of Hungary." He was arrested and sent back. Another attempt was made to kill Count Karolyi which was unsuccessful.

"We were without money and went to England and set up a sort of a tourist agency. I learned to drive an automobile, studied the mechanics of a motor and everything, thinking I might become a chauffeur to earn a living. What a contrast to the days of my childhood! How vividly I recall the day when we arose at four o'clock in the morning to dress our hair and be ready for the Court functions, spending hours and hours preparing for a few fleeting moments, to bask in the light of royal luminaries and empty functions.

"In England we found friends and real American friends. They suggested a lecture tour, and just as I was about to leave my husband broke his leg, and here I am to carry on the work alone, away from my husband and family, while the aristocracy in Hungary is living the same life it has always led in its castles and homes. The young people there are being brought up to do nothing useful and associate with none but those of royal blood. Not one of our friends have followed our example; they are still living in the murky darkness of medievalism. There are a million and a half fewer voters in Hungary than before the war, because every Liberal movement is met with terrorism. A bomb was thrown into a meeting of the Liberal organization, killing nine people. Now I understand why I was so attracted to the suffrage movement when it came to us from America. I joined in their work in Hungary and then caught the dream of making my native land as free as your own beloved America and have the voice of the ballot the sovereign will of the land."

The Countess speaks English with a very slight piquant accent and the inflection of a highly cultured Englishwoman. Her lectures are titled "Why I Am an Exile," "Hungary, Yesterday and Today," and "The Passing of the Monarchical Regime in Hungary."

Soon after her arrival, I met her in the rush of keeping American dates. Every hour and minute was scheduled. The sponsors gave her teas, luncheons, and dinners, but she was keen to devote most of her time to speaking. In a shawl strap she had carried over seas a painting from her home in Hungary—a work of art. It was, in a way, her only resource for funds. She had inherited a love of art from her grandfather, who was a friend of the famous painter Miunkacs, whose "Christ before Pilate" is in possession of the Wanamakers in Philadelphia. Her grandfather was reproached for his interest and friendship for an artist, which he insisted "ranked with Raphael."

On her last visit to Hungary to appraise her husband's estate, she visited the Foreign Department, where her grandfather and stepfather had worked. On the historic desk Matternich had planned his intrigues and written his cold-blooded decrees. "There and then came the determination to give my life to the cause represented by my husband," she continued. "There must be no more war in Europe, and that can only be assured when the last vestige of royal plotting and bolshevist tyranny is banished. Revolutions are only exchanging the lash from one hand to another. I have never regretted my decision to stand by the side of my husband and fight the cause, despite the fact that my own flesh and blood—my family—have disowned me. My dream is to see Europe and my Hungary free from the deadening traditions of monarchy. The time will come when I can prove to America that we have the hope of making Americans in Hungary as well as making Hungarian-Americans in the United States."

Her deep, gray eyes flashed with fire and then became as tender and sweet as that of a mother. She had a way of repeating the last words, as if by way of emphasis. When she spoke of the reception she had received in America, there were tears in her eyes, as she repeated:

"They are all so nice, so nice."

All over Europe—in London, Paris, Switzerland, Constantinople, and even in New York, there are distinguished exiles among the aristocrats who have fled before the rising tide of communism, but the Karolyis are the only ones who

Continued on page 177

Founded First School of Journalism

Noted writer and lecturer at head of unique institution whose graduates hold responsible journalistic positions all over the world

THE School of Journalism of the University of Missouri at Columbia, Missouri, is a professional school for training in journalism, ranking with schools or colleges of education, law, medicine, engineering, agriculture, and business and public administration. It is the oldest school of journalism in the world, having been established in 1908, with Walter Williams, LL.D., as dean of the faculty and professor of history and principles of journalism. It was the first school of journalism established as a division of a university with a separate faculty and with courses leading to a professional degree.

For many years lectures upon the history and principles of the journalistic profession have been given in various state universities. These lectures are sometimes supplemented by class-room instruction. But the University of Missouri, aside from its recognition of journalism as a profession, established a school of journalism which combines the lectures, the class-room instruction and the practical experience in the newspaper office—a general, daily newspaper, the *Columbia Missourian*, issued by the students of the school under the supervision of the faculty, affords a laboratory. Upon the completion of a four-years' course in journalism the university grants the degree of Bachelor of Journalism.

Of this school of journalism, Dean Williams is practically the organizer and founder.

Dean Williams has a national reputation as a writer and lecturer. He has been prominently connected with the University of Missouri for many years, having been a member and chairman of the board of curators of that institution before accepting the post of dean of the School of Journalism.

During his entire lifetime he has been identified with the profession of journalism, and in that profession he has attained eminent success, beside winning its highest honors. He began newspaper work at Boonville, Missouri, his birthplace, and at the age of nineteen was editor of one of the local papers. In a few years he removed to Columbia, Missouri, where he became editor of the *Herald*, long acknowledged as one of the best weekly newspapers in the United States. His observations, "From the East Window," humorous philosophy in epigram—have been widely copied. He established the *Country Editor*, a monthly, in 1895, and was editor of the St. Louis *Presbyterian* for two years, and of the *Daily State Tribune* at Jefferson City for four years. He was elected president of the Missouri Press Association before he reached the age of twenty-three. At thirty he was president of the National Editorial Association. In 1902 he was president for North America of the International Press Congress, which met in Switzerland. Before the opening of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, held in St. Louis in 1904, he made a tour of the Old World for the

By CANNIE R. QUINN

Exposition and organized the World's Press Parliament, which met in St. Louis during the exposition. In 1913 Dean Williams was appointed a fellow by the Kahn Foundation for Foreign Travel of American Teachers, traveling around the world. He has held the office of president of the Press Congress of the World since its preliminary organization at San Francisco in 1915, when he was director of the International Press Congress held in connection with the Panama-Pacific Exposition. When the Congress was permanently organized at its sessions in Honolulu, Hawaii, in 1921 he was re-elected to the presidency, which position he now holds. It is planned to hold the next session of the Press Congress in Seville, Spain, in May, 1925. Some forty countries are represented in the Congress, which has for its purpose the promotion of the highest interests of journalism throughout the world.

Journalism as a profession covers a broad and fascinating field. It includes in its ranks reporters, editors, directors, illustrators, correspondents, advertising men, publishers, those who obtain, assemble, prepare and publish that which is given to the public through the medium of newspaper and periodical. The service of the public is the supreme end of every phase of good journalism. To prepare for this public service is the purpose of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri. Dean Williams' wide experience is of inestimable value to beginners in the profession so rich in opportunities.

How well the School of Journalism has attained the purpose for which it was established is shown by the success of its alumni

and former students and by their service to the public through journalism. The School has recently completed its fifteenth year. In that time more than two thousand students have been enrolled in the journalism classes. These students have come from almost every state in the Union and from many foreign countries. Its graduates number 475—312 men and 163 women—many of whom hold responsible journalistic positions in the United States, Hawaii, the Philippine Islands, Canada, England, Japan, China, and South America.

All the students revere their Dean and strive to attain the high ideals which he has set for them and which are expressed in "The Journalist's



STRATES PHOTO

DEAN WALTER WILLIAMS of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri, has a national reputation as a writer and lecturer. During his entire lifetime he has been identified with the profession of journalism, and has attained eminent success in that profession, besides winning many high honors. He has been President of the Press Congress of the World since its preliminary organization in 1915, at which time he was Director of the International Press Congress held in connection with the Panama-Pacific Exposition



JAY H. NEFF HALL, Home of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri, Columbia, Missouri. The building was erected in 1920, and is named in honor of the late Jay H. Neff of Kansas City, a pioneer in agricultural journalism, who built the "Daily Drovers' Telegram" of Kansas City and founded upon it the Corn Belt Farm Dailies. Funds for the building were given by his son, Ward A. Neff, an alumnus of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri, who is now editor of the "Daily Drovers' Journal" of Chicago

Creed," as formulated by him and taught in the School of Journalism.

This creed is:

"I believe in the profession of journalism.

"I believe that the public journal is a public trust; that all connected with it are, to the full measure of their responsibility, trustees for the public; that acceptance of lesser service than the public service is betrayal of this trust.

"I believe that clear thinking and clear statement, accuracy and fairness, are fundamental to good journalism.

"I believe that a journalist should write only what he holds in his heart to be true.

"I believe that suppression of the news, for any consideration other than the welfare of society, is indefensible.

"I believe that no one should write as a journalist what he would not say as a gentleman; that bribery by one's own pocketbook is as much to be avoided as bribery by the pocketbook of another; that individual responsibility may not be escaped by pleading another's instructions or another's dividends.

"I believe that advertising, news and editorial columns should alike serve the best interests of readers; that a single standard of helpful truth and cleanliness should prevail for all; that the supreme test of good journalism is the measure of its public service.

"I believe that the journalism which succeeds best—and best deserves success—fears God and honors man; is stoutly independent, unmoved by pride of opinion or greed of power, constructive, tolerant, but never careless, self-controlled, patient, always respectful of its readers but always unafraid; is quickly indignant at injustice; is unswayed by the appeal of privilege or the clamor of the mob; seeks to give every man a chance and, as far as law and honest wage and recognition of human brotherhood can make it so, an equal chance; is profoundly patriotic while sincerely promoting international good will and cementing world-comradeship; is a journalism of humanity, of and for today's world."



WHO SAYS AMERICA has no pretty girls? Here are shown the representatives from eighty-eight cities who participated in the Mineralava-Valentino National Beauty Contest in Madison Square Garden, New York. The first prize was awarded to the little lass in black in the center of the front row, who came from Toronto, and the two other prize winners are at the right and left. The show, held under the personal direction of Mr. P. J. Pokruss, President of the Mineralava Company, made a sensation in New York. The girls participating were selected in contests in the various cities

"As a man thinketh in his heart: So is he"

Creative Psychology for "Just Folks"

That's a new word—"Creative"—as applied to one of the oldest, least understood of the natural sciences, and Terry Walter, M.D., the first scientist to bring Psychology within the reach of every-day people, is its creator

WOULD you like to experience three hundred and sixty-five consecutive days of perfect health—beginning with today? Would you? Would you like to be happy—not now and then, but all the time? Would you like to acquire mental poise—and banish forever the dreadful spectres of fear, nervousness, and worry? Would you like to make more friends—to have a charming and dynamic personality? Would you like to increase your earnings—your material prosperity—expand your business—put more money in the bank—wear better clothes—drive a more expensive car?

In a word—would you like to be Well—Happy—and Successful? and enjoy the good things of life—not part of the time, but all the time, and live, fully, completely, and abundantly?

Would you?
Well—you can!

THERE'S no law against it. On the contrary—*there is a law for it!* And Terry Walter, M.D., gave up a successful, satisfying professional career as a medical practitioner in order to teach that law.

You know, perhaps, that for a matter of three thousand years or so the medical profession has been groping around in the dark, searching for the secret of life—the underlying cause of existence itself—the reason why so many human beings cease to exist years before their natural term of life has expired.

By patient, continuous, repeated experimentation, by study, by observation, by comparison of experience, the devoted members of this high calling have slowly and painfully acquired during the passing of slow centuries a modicum of knowledge that serves to soothe tired nerves, arrest the ravages of wasting tissues, relieve the agony of tortured bodies, restore the functions of deranged members—and smooth the way for passing souls.

But back of everything that they may do—every drug that they administer—every operation that they perform, every care they take and every admonition they press upon their patients, exists a hidden force—undefinable, unexplainable, unknown—yet potent, vital and effective—that force which, for lack of a clearer designation, we call "the will to live."

And it is upon this unknown, undefinable force that every medical practitioner must, in the final analysis, rest his case. He can help Nature—true! But Nature must help him, else were his potions as well spilt upon the sand, his powders thrown to the four winds!

Which brings us to the point where Terry Walter, M.D., forsook the useful, plodding tug-boat named "Medical Practice" and set his bold foot upon the quarter-deck of the golden galleon "Psychology—the Science of the Mind."

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he!"

By MAITLAND LEROY OSBORNE

There you have it, in few and simple words—the oldest truth in the world, the foundation rock upon which is builded the whole great structure of human mentality—the law which Terry Walter applies to "Living in the World."

That there is such a law was well known certainly as long ago as when the ancient Egyptians built their tombs in the Valley of the Nile, for



TERRY WALTER, M.D., through lectures, books and class-room instruction, is broadcasting the inspiring, uplifting message of Creative Psychology to the mass of plain people—those who can most benefit from a knowledge of the provisions of the great Law of Life that, once fully understood, helps everyone who obeys its mandates to be happy, healthy and successful. This remarkable man, who gave up a large and lucrative medical practice in order to devote his whole time to teaching other people "How to Live," himself gets a tremendous amount of fun out of life along with his work. He's a famous fly-fisher, who knows intimately the lakes and streams of his native state, New York, a great hunter of wild game, a Radio fan, and a golf bug. His experience as a physician made him realize the lack of teaching of the simple laws of health where such teaching might have saved much suffering besides developing strong, healthy bodies and sound minds.

the maxims of Ptah-hotep—written some three thousand, eight hundred years before Christ was born—clearly indicate this fact.

The "Oldest Book in the World," which is the famous Prisse Papyrus in the Bibliotheque National in Paris, might well serve as a text-book for the modern student of this ancient law. So, from a period in the world's history so infinitely remote that its every record has been obliterated by the effacing hand of Time, there comes the gleam of an immortal truth. The students, philosophers, and teachers of that ancient land

where the dawn of Civilization first flooded the world with light defined—but did not name—the science of Psychology.

LEAPING across the centuries to a comparatively modern time—something less than four hundred years before Christianity was given to the world—we find Aristotle in his "De Anima" ponderously discussing the laws of the association of ideas.

From the time of Aristotle to the present day all literature is fairly sprinkled with works of varying degrees of weight upon this weighty subject, though inasmuch as the archaic conception of Psychology was in the nature of a philosophic discipline rather than an exact science, and its definition and treatment were determined mainly by metaphysical speculation, for more than two thousand years but slight advance was made beyond the point which Aristotle himself attained.

But under the influence of the growth of the methods used in development of the natural sciences, the English philosophers of the seventeenth and succeeding centuries tried to apply Aristotle's law of association to a scientific explanation of the formation of every kind of mental operation,—Mill's "Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind" being perhaps the most consistent exposition of the existing theory.

For long years the science of Psychology remained a medium of extra-mental gymnastics—surrounded by such a formidable wall of Greek derivatives and imponderable German conclusions that the average college man thought of it as a subject too dense for penetration, and the man in the street conceived it to be something as remote from his consciousness as the penumbra of the Pleiades.

But, curiously enough, it is the man in the street that Psychology, after all, most intimately concerns. You—and I—and a few more millions of the average mill run of human beings such as Lincoln called "the common people," are the ones who need the guidance of this age-old, yet none-too-well-known universal law—a law that will keep us well, and make us happy, and provide us with all the material needs and comforts of life if we but observe its requirements.

And the reason why you and I, and the few more millions of people who most need to observe

this law, honor it chiefly in the breach thereof is this: its interpreters are mostly too deeply learned to adopt their explanations of its provisions to our capacity of comprehension. It is so fatally easy to be pedantic and profound—and, moreover, each branch of human knowledge, each science, trade and calling has its own peculiar, distinctive phraseology—intelligible enough of course to the initiate, but veritably so much Greek or Choctaw to the simple-minded outsider. As evidence of this, listen to the cheerful prattle of any group of radio fans, or a couple of football enthusiasts after a hotly-contested game between their respective and rival teams. That is, of course, if you are not a radio fan or a football enthusiast—neither of which I am.

Psychology being in the nature of things a science so intimately connected with the higher attributes of human consciousness as to lend itself admirably to the development of a peculiarly involved and complicated phraseology, has suffered greatly in the common mind from a redundancy of high-sounding words.

We are all of us prone to fear that which we do not readily understand—and Psychology has in the past been entirely surrounded by such impenetrable barbed-wire entanglements of six-cylinder words denoting the co-efficient of absorption of extraneous visual impressions by the sub-conscious mental processes of the quiescent brain—or something of that sort—that many of us who would have been greatly benefitted by a study of the plain provisions of this human law have looked upon it as too distinctly "high brow" for our serious consideration, and have turned the searchlight of our enfeebled intellects upon the intricacies of Mah Jong!

But now comes Terry Walter, apostle of a new era, and tells us in simple words what a beautiful and beneficent thing this "law of living," may, and should become, to each and all of us—explains its provisions as they apply to our daily life, and interprets the meaning of certain obscure passages of "the law" in language that we can readily understand.

He tells us, moreover, that in the degree to which we obey this law our material affairs will prosper, our health will flourish and our happiness endure.

BE careful what you wish fer: you might git it."—This sage advice was given by an old country deacon to a young man in whom he was interested. It has been proven that the old deacon spoke more wisely than he knew, for practical psychologists are proving to their students, and to themselves, that whatever we wish for providing we are willing to pay the price and throw the weight of our strength and our personality into the balance, we may obtain. In brief, we are the products of our thinking.

Thus a book written by Dr. Terry Walter tells us how to make a success of our lives, by conforming to the laws of mental and physical health. The title of the book is "The Handbook of Life," and Dr. Walter, while giving every suggestion and rule for the development of character, of health and strength, warns us to be careful what we wish for, saying: "You can be whatever you wish to be, and can attain as much as you are willing to purchase. But if you resolve to gain your goal—be absolutely sure that you desire those things for which you attune your vibration. When the super-conscious mind receives a suggestion with a force such as is released by a soul's desire, it is most important that the idea or purpose be more deeply rooted than a passing fancy, for once

started, the momentum accumulated by your own latent power and that of a sympathetic vibration of souls in attunement to your mind will clear your path of any obstructions, rush you by restrictions, and push you over the last mile of the course to success, while you are still mystified as to the possibility of it all.

"You will know weariness, and it will be weariness which comes from burning up energy with the fire of creation, the only weariness that brings joy and peace, and which is its own antidote. As regular and persistent exercising keeps the muscles of the body firm, strong and pliable, so does mental activity of a constructive nature develop the confidence, reliability, and breadth of understanding of the mind; mind power rules; to think you can, is to create the force that can.

"Analyze your type, balance your cog-wheels of personality, choose your goal, mental picture your success, have faith in yourself, win the confidence of your fellow-men—and you must succeed. If you think you are having a hard time in life and setbacks and failures thwart your aims, read the life of Abraham Lincoln, the history of his rise above defeat. It was one failure after another, politics, business and love. But Lincoln smiled, set his will to conquer, and eventually became a world figure, one of the greatest personalities to influence the evolution of the universal plan of progress. Your potentiality equals Lincoln's; your opportunities are greater than his; will you silently and consistently follow your urge? You can if you will."

Speaking of health, Dr. Walter says: "If you wish for health consider who you are, and what you are. Recognize your power and think on these things. You are an aggregate of cells, each one having a mind which is in direct communication with the super-conscious or soul mind, a manifestation of the all-power, the creative force of the universe. You are a life receiving energy from the great source of all energy; you are a part of natural law which is perfection; therefore, if you have satisfied your conscious fears, realized that the mind that created your body in the first place can restore it, and if you will undo the destructive influence which you have allowed to enter and will think health and believe that health is your right, then the super-conscious will begins to work for you and it will direct your activity so that if there are things you need to know to correct your habits of living you will be led to knowledge. This is the law; further, it is common sense and you have seen its results thousands of times, although you have probably never analyzed it. If you tell your cell-mind that you are indeed able to be well and you think health, you will become interested in well people and rules of health and hygiene and will seek the companionship of people who know instead of gossiping away the hours, swapping stories of indigestion, rheumatism, hardening of the arteries and high blood pressure. Get the constructive outlook on life and your mind will be active. It will think for your success, and will lead you in a direction of attaining your goal. You are what you are because you have thought as you have—because you have passed the suggestion you have to your soul-mind, which does not argue but accepts your word as law. You automatically respond to the super-conscious all day long and as you respond to the suggestions of yourself and of others, so do they respond to yours. Therefore, it is most important that you say and think nothing but that which you would wish to become—a ruling power in the life toward which the word, our thought, is directed."

"The Handbook of Life," in which Dr. Walter

in a most interesting and vital way discusses the subjects of interest to everyone who is trying to develop strength and happiness, is a volume of Creative Psychology representing many years of study, laboratory research and practical experience in the fields of philosophy, medicine, psychology and psycho-analysis. It deals with the art and science of living, presenting a revelation of natural law as it applies to man in his complex unity of body, mind and spirit. "The Handbook of Life" reveals the infinite magnitude of the single cell, the physical essentials for avoiding disease and regaining health; the story of the emotions, how to convert worry into pleasure, failure into success; life's energy, its source and conservation; how to obtain control of the mind; the art of concentration; the various phases of mind activities; memory; scientific recall; the supreme importance of the super-conscious mind; the other self which builds character, determines personality, and creates destiny; how to contact the super-conscious mind; its laws; how thoughts are builded; ideation; mental healing; and psycho-analysis.

Dr. Walter was in service during the World War, and although he had been a practicing physician, with a large and lucrative practice, through his wide experiences he saw so much that made him feel the necessity of a study of practical psychology that he decided to enter upon that line of work. He saw the lack of teaching of the simple laws of health where such teachings might have saved much suffering and so developed strong, healthy bodies and sound minds. Thus his book, "The Handbook of Life," comes in response to the urge he felt to assist in whatever way he could in teaching and helping the individual toward a more conceptional plan of thinking and of living.

FAILURE is a disease," says the Doctor. "You have the power within you to do some one thing better than any other person in the world. You can start on a new plan of life, and knowing the laws of the mind, you can in the short space of ninety days begin the realization of a new life. You have all the latent faculties that are crying aloud to be used, so that they can bring abundance, and the more these faculties are used, the more they grow and produce.

"Modern science has proven, revealed by careful research in scientific laboratories, that the new-found qualities of the mind show a realm of mental resources in mankind which nothing was known about a decade ago. These latent faculties when understood, and the laws governing them, enable man to go forward to health, happiness and success, without stress and without strain. The master minds of the age, even though they manage the great industries, finance great undertakings, direct international affairs, give to the world new inventions, find leisure time for play and home life. The success they have achieved you can achieve; at least to some degree, if you understand the laws of the mind. With the knowledge gained in the study of Creative Psychology, you can eliminate many of the destructive influences that are your handicap.

"Everyone seems to realize to some degree the value of mental development. The mother in her continued urge to her child; the school teacher; the father, in his urge to his son. You cannot control your pre-natal life, childhood, but from the time your mind assumed control, your mind shaped your destiny. You are what you are, because you have thought as you have, and you thought as you have, because of the content of the superconscious mind, the result of the

Continued on page 177

Face to Face with Celebrities

Flashlight glimpses of those outstanding personalities in business, politics, literature, science, art, music and the drama who serve as milestones in human progress to mark the advancement of the world

MILLIONS of radio fans intently "listen in" to WEAF, New York, on Sunday evenings at 7:15, when Roxie reigns. Concerts from his Capitol Theatre, many insist, drive away the rainy Sunday blues. Roxie has an inimitable way of announcing that makes fans feel a welcome to "come in and make yourselves at home."

At Stillwater, Minn., in 1876, a babe was born with music in his soul, and they say he even cried in melodious tones. As a boy Roxie began to dream dreams. He loved music and the spirit of adventure. When he saw his first picture show—it fired a vision. The dullness of the occasion got on his nerves and he began to picturize pictures in his mind.

Doing everything about the theatre, S. L. Rothafel eventually found himself the manager. The picture show was advanced from the vacant store and penny arcade stage to the high plane of theatrical productions. Samuel L. Rothafel (his name means red apple) was discovered to be

was not long afterward that he conceived—and then achieved.

"Why not give all the 'shut-ins' and outsiders the benefit of our Sunday concerts?"

Then and there he gathered together his chorus, orchestra and artists to broadcast. They were all introduced in the most informal and chatty manner, and the radio fans feel they are right there in the studio with Roxie every Sunday night.

As I entered the new studio one Sunday night, he was directing the orchestra in person. Every member of the company was entering into the spirit of the occasion, to entertain the millions of guests. The little magnet microphone was catching almost the sway of the baton and the radiant smile of Roxie.

"To my mind music is the greatest thing in the world. It is the acme of harmony in thought and action, and recognizes the individuality of emotions. I would rather direct an orchestra than anything in the world. Music and lighting are prime essentials in picture presentation."

As Roxie builds programs and scores music for every picture and tests lighting he is analyzing the thought in the minds of his audience and works with his artists to serve—with lightning-like rapidity.

"A day without a little more than you can do, is a day of idleness and a day wasted."

▲

Mrs. Asquith, Wife of the Former Premier of Great Britain

From early girlhood Mrs. Asquith, the wife of the former Premier of Great Britain, has created more stir in the affairs of the Empire than many leaders in the Cabinet.

When I met this frail little body of the plucky English type on her tour of America, she did not seem much like the heroine of the novel "Dodo" that made such a sensation in England—because they said it was Mrs. Asquith in romantic days.

She has always been a much-talked-of woman because she knows how to write books and say things that will be talked about. Her books have at times rocked England to its very foundation and her highly original mind and remarkable personality and reputation for saying unconventional things has amused Europe to the point of hysteria and hiccoughs. While she lectured in America, she lectured America at the same time, for Mrs. Asquith is not a myth. Her daughter is Princess Bibesco, the wife of the Roumanian Minister to the United States, who has lived many years in Washington, and whose latest portrait by Augustus John, A. R. A., is one of the most notable exhibits in this year's Academy—consequently Mrs. Asquith was among kith and kin while in America.

"Frankly, I am not enamored with your American methods of traveling." She had just

arisen at 5 A.M. at the end of an all-night journey in a sleeping car and was busy with correspondence that had accumulated, for Americans will write letters—and the English are punctilious in replying.

"The thing that baffles me is that the American people and your newspapers seem to have in mind a mythical Mrs. Asquith. Oftentimes there is nothing that brings a clearer understanding more quickly than a mental jolt. I believe



SAMUEL L. ROTHAFEL says: "A day without a little more than you can do, is a day of idleness and a day wasted."

a genius. Called to New York, he demonstrated the first great advance and innovation of picture presentation at the Strand Theatre—then the Rialto Rivoli, and now the Capitol.

One of the first to score special music for pictures, Rothafel did more than merely provide themes fitting the picture; he interpreted characters and actions effectively and realistically. In his score for the "Four Horsemen" he provided more individual numbers than had ever been made for one picture.

Soon after Rothafel put in his first receiving set, I knew something would happen. It stirred his imagination. I saw it flash in his eye and it



MRS. ASQUITH says: "Oftentimes there is nothing that brings a clearer understanding more quickly than a mental jolt. I believe in speaking and writing with the candor of real friendship."

in speaking and writing with the candor of real friendship. I am most hopeful concerning young America despite the wails of pessimists. Women are beginning to understand that they have their own lives to live and a woman's life cannot be lived without living for others."

While the real Mrs. Asquith is enveloped in a romantic halo of aristocracy characteristic of the novels by English authors, Americans expected to see one of those duchesses described by an American novelist, who aspired to ape the British plan and began his book with an Asquithian broadside: "Oh Hell!" said the duchess, as she tripped lightly across the marble floor, while Lord Algernon flicked the ashes of his cigarette into the fireplace." Then followed a description of a dinner. Dickens started the vogue, and now an English novel is not quite complete unless somebody is eating.

As the wife of an eminent English statesman, the Rt. Hon. Herbert Henry Asquith, she has played her part in English politics. When Herbert Asquith was making his career in the debates on the Home Rule discussion, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, as counsel for Charles Parnell,

the Irish leader, and the celebrated Baccarat trial, Lady Asquith was in the whirl.

As Home Secretary in the Gladstone Cabinet, Asquith began a notable career in which Mrs. Asquith has not failed to figure conspicuously through her lively pen, which has kept England agog with expectancy as to what Mrs. Asquith might do next. Opinions and impressions of America gathered during her trip does not make the profound impression it might have made had Lady Asquith not tried the American stump speaking lecture platform, where gesture and florid oratory does not quite fit with the solid and sedate method of English conversation and public address.

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Jack Dempsey, the Heavyweight Champion of the World

Twenty-five thousand people were pushing and milling around the outer gates of the Polo Grounds, New York, in the hope of squeezing inside. Ninety thousand people were inside with their eyes fixed on a square white patch of canvas surrounded by ropes, known as the ring. The announcer with a tremendous voice clambered over the ropes and exclaimed: "Now, ladies and gentlemen—the champion of the world, Mr. Jack Dempsey."

The other man was Luis Angel Firpo from the Argentine, in sporting circles known as "the wild bull of the Pampas." Firpo was much the larger man. There were many minds with the same thought—namely, what would happen if he succeeded in landing one of those "haymakers." Then the most startling thing happened. He did. This infuriated wild-eyed giant made a mighty swing knocking William Harrison Jack



JACK DEMPSEY says: "Jack Kearns is the doctor. He does the managing, I do the fighting." "Keep a stiff upper lip and keep plugging."

Dempsey completely out of the ring with heels in the air. Assisted back by the first row of ringside sports-writers and the champion was again in action before the count of ten. The incident gave one of the greatest thrills the fight-fans had ever experienced. Even those in the \$27.50 seats—sold at \$100—were satisfied. Then came the proof that just brute strength can't win over superior mentality and fighting technique. Dempsey retained the ring's highest honor. Firpo was vanquished in a few minutes.

If John L. Sullivan could know what was going

on in the boxing world today he would rise up and say "it was impossible." Boxers today are not just fighting men. They are financiers. No romance is more colorful than the rise of Jack Dempsey. He was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, of a large family. When he was seventeen a local boxing enthusiast saw possibilities in him and arranged some local contests, five years later turning him over to Jack Kearns who from that time on has been his manager. They have remained together longer than any other fighter and manager, and Kearns is the first one to put the heavyweight championship on a strictly business basis. All Dempsey's contracts are signed with a corporate seal—Dempsey-Kearns, Inc. It is Kearns' training also which is responsible for Dempsey's "wonderful left." When Kearns first got hold of Dempsey he trained him for several months with his right arm tied to his side, developing his left hand punch. Dempsey leaves all the details of his public and money-making activities to his manager who is familiar with negotiations and propositions, a fact well known by the citizens of Shelby, Montana. "I am satisfied to leave everything to Kearns," said the world's champion glove-pusher. "He is the doctor. That's why I call him Doc. He does the managing, I do the fighting."

There is a great contrast between the Dempsey of today and the one of eight years ago when he first saw New York via the Fairmont Athletic Club at 137th Street, an improvised old car barn, where he was matched for a fight. It was a ten-round, terrible, smashing bout which he won. When he went around to the box office to cash in for his share, it was just sixteen dollars. Pause a moment and contrast this amount with what he received for his last match with Firpo—\$650,000.

I saw Dempsey in his hotel, well protected by his secretary and trainer. Happy-go-lucky Jack of the open road has become Gentleman Jack, but at heart he is still the restless nomadic, action-loving fellow who seldom stays long in one place. Quite a different individuality, the Jack Dempsey of today with his gracious manners, bushy eyebrows, his perfectly groomed and correctly tailored figure, his ready and contagious laugh, his poise and ease in movement.

That he is enthusiastic in the role which he plays is indicated when he said: "I like my game and I am keener about boxing today than at any time in my career." I think my hardest fights were fought before my championship bouts. My most dangerous championship bout was the one with Firpo."

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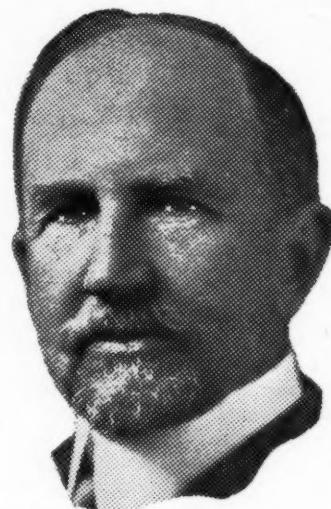
Frederick Huntington Gillett, Speaker of the House of Representatives

High up in the Speaker's chair, Frederick Huntington Gillett is a conspicuous figure in American affairs. Although the position is shorn of some of the power of early days, the Speaker of the House of Representatives of the U. S. A. still remains one of the eminent honors of the republic—close akin to the Presidency.

A slim, tiny lad, wiry as the whips which were made in his native town, the greatest whip town in the world—young Gillett made his first political speech in the Grant campaign. Born in the valley of the Connecticut at Westfield, Massachusetts, in October, 1851, Frederick Huntington Gillett studied his history during the stirring days of the Civil War.

Graduating from Amherst in 1874, he started on a public career. When Calvin Coolidge classified as a freshman, Gillett was "the Congress-

man," and was pointed out to the students as one of the alumnus who had achieved fame. Immediately after graduating from the Harvard Law School in 1881, young Gillett began the practice of law in Springfield. After two years of energetic practice, he was chosen as assistant Attorney General of Massachusetts. In 1890 he became a member of the General Court, and in 1892 he was elected to the 53rd Congress and has been successively elected for thirty-two years, until Gillett has become an institution as Congressman from the Third District of Massachusetts. Elected Speaker for the 66th, 67th and



FREDERICK H. GILLETT says: "A career in Congress is a great distinction, especially with a constituency that will let you live with your convictions and conscience, as mine have done."

68th Congresses—three terms as Speaker—he has rounded out his Congressional career with highest honors.

A close friend of the late President, Warren G. Harding, he accompanied him on his last trip to Alaska and gathered first-hand information to guide him in Alaskan legislation. When Vice-President Coolidge succeeded to the Presidency, Speaker Gillett continued a close adviser to the President and was one of the stalwart band of New England Congressmen who stood by the New England President on his veto messages. Admirers in the old home district now seek to have him round out his third of a century of public service as Senator from Massachusetts.

Popular among his colleagues in the House from the time he first answered the roll call, Speaker Gillett has been a conscientious, plodding, level-headed worker. Few men are more familiar with the ins and outs of Congressional and governmental procedure. Whether in the Speaker's office behind a large flat desk covered with papers, or in the chair with a mace beside him, Speaker Gillett wears his honors easily, as a practical, hard-headed Yankee ever seeking information and facts. On the trip to Alaska he was one of the few men who made the long trip over the Richardson Trail like a real "sourdough." His speeches in Alaska were the same sort that have made his constituents in Massachusetts understand that he is a man who understood what he was talking about and knows how to express himself.

Small in stature, but big in brain, Speaker Gillett is one of the few members of Congress who wears a full beard. His broad "r's" and New England accent indicate something of Puritan

reserve, well blended with the geniality that is necessary in a successful political career. His gray eyes sparkle with the intelligence of a man who has learned by living and doing things as well as through books.

After reading some letters recently from his constituents, he remarked:

"A career in Congress is a great distinction, especially with a constituency that will let you live with your convictions and conscience, as mine have done."

▲

Amy Lowell, the Most Widely Read Poet-Critic Personality of Her Time

Sing-song rhyme or limerick lay cannot be charged to Amy Lowell, poet extraordinary. There is something about her verse that arrests the attention of readers. She has had probably more poems printed than any poet of the time.

An appreciation of her philosophy of modern poetry comes from far and near. Texas and the Pacific coast join with eastern *literati* in acclaiming a new note in her work. Shaking off the shackles of mechanical meter and writing poetry in language of poetic irony is her manner—there you are.

There is something Whitmanesque in her boldness. In appearance she is a pleasant jolly little lady far removed from the dreamy-eyed mysticism of cult mannerisms. Conversing rapidly one has to have wide-awake ears to chat with Amy Lowell.

She was born under a poetic star in Brookline, Massachusetts. A sister of President A. Lawrence



AAMY LOWELL says: "The more outrageous the rhyme—the better. Things change even in poetry."

Lowell of Harvard, she has lived in the atmosphere of literature. Her admirers insist she has solved a dominant literary problem. A distant relative of James Russell Lowell, she has adorned the family helmet with another poetic plume.

In a frank way of saying things she emphasizes every utterance.

"I am not interested in what is said about myself, but I am interested in what is said about my verse."

"Were not some of your rhymes objected to?"

"Strongly objected to," she responded, "but by people who did not know the history of this kind of verse. The more outrageous the rhyme, the better. I think in one or two cases the rhymes might have been improved, but that's not because they are false rhymes, but because they are not good enough in their badness, if you know what I mean." She smiled as she continued:

"I was accused of mixing Gideon and Mideon, and Joshua and Jericho, but they failed to notice that it was corrected in the second edition, but they quite understood the meaning in the first edition."

Her poetic adventures began with an anonymous book which grew out of a challenge to her famous brother, President Lowell, to test their memory in quoting passages here and there from James Russell Lowell's "Fables for Critics." The poem, "A Critical Fable," was written as a pleasant relaxation after a severe illness.

Decisive and quick in her manner of comment Amy Lowell probed the spirit of Edwin Arlington Robinson.

Edwin Arlington Robinson, excellent poet,
And excellent person, but vague as a wood
Gazed into at dusk.

Jolly in her analysis of Frost:

He's a foggy benignity wandering in space
With a stray wisp of moonlight just touching
his face.

Vachel Lindsay looms up with an epitaph immortal:

A Sunday-school orator, plus inspiration,
The first ballad-singer, bar none, of the nation.
When he starts in proclaiming his credo of new
law,
They appear to be vaudeville stunts dashed
with blue laws.

Amy Lowell is inherently a critic, and her verse veers at a new angle in poetical analysis. She swings her pen at a new curve with phrases that give a mental jolt, and she has saved some poets from their own oblivion.

▲

Edward F. Albee, America's Leader in the World of Vaudeville

A group of successful business men, born in foreign lands, were gathered at a dinner in New York, telling of their hardships and struggles as emigrant boys. It was an assembly of "self-starters."

"You men forget that there are American boys who had their struggles and hardships on the road to success," interrupted one of the guests.

He then recited some of the incidents in the life of Edward F. Albee, now leader pre-eminent in American amusements.

"Here is a boy, born in Machias, Maine, in 1857, where they pry up the sun in the morning, who has had struggles equal to those of emigrant lads.

"He made his way to Boston in a sloop, a modern "Mayflower," to seek fame and fortune. He began blacking shoes, selling newspapers and earning a living at a tender age. Early in the morning he was at work. Late in the evening he was at school. He joined Barnum's "Greatest on Earth" at the age of seventeen and later traveled with a wagon show, going far to the South and West. Up all night with the horses and wagons, wallowing in the mud, cutting trees for corduroy roads, fording streams, for the caravan must arrive before the sun in the next town; sleeping in a wagon, rain or shine, every hour counted; catching a few winks of sleep in the afternoon while the masses were seeing the show, the next day's work began as the tents were lowered. Later sleeping in a box car with a railroad show, where they were packed in like sardines, bunk on bunk, with steaming clothes hung up in the center, sleeping soundly while they bumped along

to the next town. There is a happiness in the memory of hardships. Edward Albee, stand up and speak for the American boy and his hardships."

"Yes," said Albee, "these were happy days, busy days, dreaming of the time when I might be running a show of my own. My knowledge



EDWARD ALBEE says: "There is a close alliance between the theatre and the church—amusement and religion—more than some people think. America is fundamentally altruistic and a religious country."

of geography developed as the route of the circus proceeded. A vigorous life of adventure and activity."

Turning the conversation from himself he again responded when asked as to the greatest thing in life. "Doing something for others, working hard to be able to do more. To my mind John D. Rockefeller giving away a half billion dollars for the welfare of mankind is an inspiring example of a successful life. The simplest and best thing in the world is to follow the teachings of Christ. Everything He did was affirmative and constructive. The Golden Rule, the Sermon on the Mount, His teachings remain the inspiration of human helpfulness and happiness."

There was more said about the struggles of this State of Maine boy, who now controls over a thousand theatres and has seen Keith enterprises develop one by one under his magic leadership. In his office I found Edward Albee late in the afternoon at his desk signing real heart-interest letters of sympathy in which were enclosed thousand-dollar checks to the widows, children and relatives of vaudeville actors—members of the National Vaudeville Artists who had passed on to the "last act." The N. V. A., the homelike club house for actors, has been one of E. F. Albee's practical dreams of helpfulness fulfilled. As he removed his glasses he remarked:

"Yes, you have guessed right. I would rather do this than anything in the world—this is the compensation for the early struggles. When I became associated with Mr. Keith there was an ideal involved in the plans."

Every employee of this organization from scrubwoman to manager is provided with life insurance, so that there is something more than letters and flowers to send the bereaved.

"There is a closer alliance between the theatre

and the church—amusement and religion—more than some public leaders have been able to appreciate. America is fundamentally an altruistic and religious country."

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Nicholas Murray Butler, the President of Columbia University

At a meeting of the Missouri Society in New York, A.D. 1924, Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, in a few minutes precipitated a nation-wide, well-defined discussion of the 18th Amendment: "Prohibition should be made a national issue." There was no equivocation or compromise in his declarations. A series of letters to the newspapers pro and con, followed in quick succession. His speech broadcasted over the radio was heard in the theatres of St. Louis and by the people in the hills and valleys of the Ozarks. There was a division of sentiment among the guests evident when Dr. Stratton Brooks, president of the Missouri University at Columbia, responded to the president of Columbia University. It was a battle of Columbia presidents. Dr. Brooks took occasion to disagree with every statement in toto made by Dr. Butler, and said he could not return and face the home folks without making his protest. The referees of the occasion were Toastmaster Bainbridge Colby and Augustus Thomas, dramatist, the genial Missourian, who poured oil on the troubled waters.

President Butler has been prominent in public life for many years and he is honored with a list of degrees from nearly all the famous educational institutions in the world. In 1912 he received the Republican electoral vote for vice president of the United States. As head of the largest



NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER says: "*If I wanted to be a financier I would have gone into business for myself. One is only wasting time when one becomes angry.*"

university in the United States, his essays and addresses have been regarded as reflective of the highest American thought.

A decisive speaker, fluent and aggressive in his delivery, President Butler has been a force in educational affairs. In his contact with the public he has never appeared to seek the popular side of a question.

A native of Elizabeth, New Jersey, young Butler was recognized as an aggressive force in his early school days. He received his higher

education in Paris and Berlin, and upon returning to America decided upon teaching as a career.

In January, 1902, before he was forty years of age, Nicholas Murray Butler was elected president of Columbia by unanimous vote on the first ballot. The prophecy was then made that Columbia would become one of the great universities of the world under his administration. This prophecy has been more than fulfilled, for Columbia today is a pre-eminent educational institution, having over 32,000 students enrolled.

Dr. Butler was inducted into office after an address of welcome delivered by Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States. Dr. Butler said he would not accept the presidency as a money-raiser, insisting—"If I wanted to be a financier I would have gone into business for myself. If I am made president I feel there are other problems which will take all of my time, thought and attention. I want to know what is being taught and how it is being taught; how the courses are correlated, and strengthen them where most needed; to be as helpful as possible to every instructor, and above all to be free to study the university question in its broadest aspect and to keep in touch with all modern improvements. I cannot do this if I am called upon to attend to the bank account."

Frankness and candor are Dr. Butler's well-established characteristics. Having overturned some of the evils of the public school system of New York City he was referred to by his enemies as Nicholas "Miraculous" Butler.

Old-fashioned, unswerving loyalty to his friends and ideals have made him a hard fighter, never asking or giving quarter, but drawing the line at ill-will and hate. He says: "One is only wasting time when one becomes angry."

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Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, the Scholar-Scholar

The slender form of Henry Cabot Lodge, with well-trimmed gray beard and wavy hair, flashing dark eyes and strong, resilient voice declaring for a "World Court," has been a familiar figure on the floor of the United States Senate.

Appropriate it is that he should have been born in Boston in 1850, a descendant of the *Mayflower* Pilgrims, a member of one of the oldest Colonial families. In the centennial year of the Declaration of Independence—1876—Henry Cabot Lodge declared himself an attorney-at-law and his name was so recorded in the directory of the Hub. Graduating from Harvard in 1871, he received many merited scholarly and honorary degrees. He was editor of the *North American Review* for three stirring years when the pages of that periodical was the fighting forum for eminent writers. He began his political career as a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, called the "General Court." In his first campaign he came in contact with real politicians, who initiated him as a tenderfoot to the joys of a "packed caucus." After a hard-fought battle in '87, he was elected a member of the notable 50th Congress and served an apprenticeship of three terms in the House before aspiring to Senatorial honors.

Associated with Theodore Roosevelt in literary work, Henry Cabot Lodge encouraged the intrepid "Harvard man from New York" in his first political ambitions. Later Roosevelt asked the Progressive convention to nominate Henry Cabot Lodge for President.

Senator Lodge has presided over more national Republican political conventions than any other man of his time, and as one of the four American delegates to the Conference for the Limitation

of Armaments in 1921 he became a conspicuous figure in international affairs.

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school. I found her at 8:30 A. M. at her desk, directing work that represents a life devotion. The fourth woman president of the National Education Association she will preside at the great convention in Washington representing hundreds of thousands of school teachers.

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William M. Butler, Chairman of Republican National Committee

A new Warwick appeared at the Republican National Convention in Cleveland in 1924 in the person of William Morgan Butler, Chairman of the National Committee. Friend and adviser of President Calvin Coolidge, who followed him as President of the Massachusetts Senate, William M. Butler has been the power invisible that has directed affairs decisively without fluster or fireworks. Retiring in person, he is at the front with plans made with the relentless purpose of "going through!"—to the finish.

"W. M." as he is called, was born sixty-three years ago in the whaling city of New Bedford, Massachusetts. His youth was spent among the sturdy old whaling ship captains whose recitals of adventures are a romance that ever appeals to youth. The old skippers at Edgartown and Nantucket were among his ardent supporters when he launched into a political career, because he knew his ship, fore and aft, from topmast to keel.

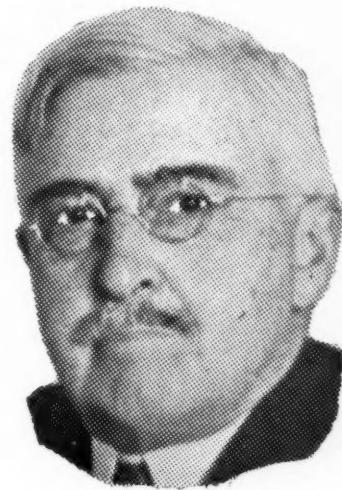
Graduating at Boston University in 1884, William M. Butler began and practised law in New Bedford until 1895, when he removed to Boston. He early developed a liking for quiet politics and knew how to handle the Cape Cod district when elected to the House of Representatives and later to the State Senate of Massachusetts.

Active in large industrial undertakings, William Butler became president of the Boston & Worcester electric lines, the New Bedford mills, the Quissett mill and the Butler mill. His executive abilities attracted the attention of the late Senator W. Murray Crane early in his career, and he influenced young Butler to remain in Massachusetts instead of going West at a critical time in his career.

Seated at his desk, the new chairman keeps his many responsibilities directly in line before him mentally. A medium-sized man, with prematurely gray hair, black piercing eyes, he says little, but around the conference board his ideas and judgments count for conclusions. He drives for one point—results—and his thought is not easily deflected from the "objective" in his mind. Some call him cold, wrapped in the isolation of his own purposes—but his friendships are hooks of steel. Ever since Calvin Coolidge began his

political career, the best judgment and services of his friend Butler have been at his command. William Butler is long-headed. The two new appointments for the Coolidge Cabinet and the selection of a man not a delegate to nominate Coolidge reveal a bit of sentiment.

Marion Leroy Burton, born in Iowa, now president of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, was chosen to make the nomination speech at Cleveland because he is an old friend of President Coolidge. Burton holds a degree from Amherst, although he graduated from



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Castleton College in Minnesota. As president of Smith College at Northampton, Massachusetts, he was an intimate friend and neighbor of President Coolidge for many years. He knew Coolidge in the years when his public career was in the making. This selection reveals the appreciation of sentiment by Chairman Butler.

The same clear-headed judgment he has used in building up his business, William Butler has given to his friend Calvin Coolidge unreservedly in building up a campaign. The primaries indicated that the "whaling city" boy knows where and how to find the votes. The campaign will be the next test.

This statement concisely sums up Chairman Butler's policies: "Governments and political organizations are like a business, depending to a large extent upon the selection of men to do the work—and the sterling value of the products."

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George Wharton Pepper, Senator from Pennsylvania

A contrast of personalities came to mind when Senator George Wharton Pepper of Pennsylvania succeeded the late Senator Boise Penrose. As member of the National Republican Committee the contrast is still more marked. Sedate and sedulous Philadelphia breathed a sigh of satisfaction when the scholarly Pepper—a native son—donned the Senatorial toga.

Born in the City of Brotherly Love—educated within its borders—George Wharton Pepper became the traditional "Philadelphia lawyer" that couldn't be "puzzled." For thirty-two years he practiced law, but he also kept in close touch

with public affairs—meantime lecturing on law at Yale and the University of Pennsylvania.

When Senator Pepper appeared before the Pennsylvania Society of New York soon after his election, he made a favorable impression. Citizens of Philadelphia made their pilgrimage to hear him and seemed quite in tune with the administration. Later, in Portland, Maine, Senator Pepper began to explain the Teapot Dome situation, and later offered a World Court substitute for the Harding-Coolidge plan with all the unctuous of the Philadelphia lawyer who knows what he knows. For a time it looked as if the Pennsylvania idea might uproot the Root plan, but President Coolidge revealed a capacity to speak for himself—and the Pepper plan was not in favor at the White House.

A tall man with a gray mustache and dignified bearing, Senator Pepper is a pleasing and



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forceful speaker, with a diction that ranks with that of John Hay. As chairman of the Pennsylvania Council of National Defense during the war and the Constitutional Convention, Senator Pepper has occupied the highest positions of trust in his State, and yet there is the problem as to whether he can handle the great voting machine of the State as did his predecessor—Boise Penrose.

"Large majorities do not remain stable and secure without arduous attention and eternal vigilance. We can have a World Court and not surrender our national sovereignty in the selection of its members."

A lifetime spent in the study, practice and lecturing on law fits Senator Pepper as an authority on legal lore. The insistent stubbornness and mixture of Pennsylvania Dutch and Quaker stock is slow to yield a conviction even under the temptation of political expediency—a contrast again.

The Pennsylvania delegation at the Republican National Convention will still act as a unit from force of habit and tradition, but the strategies of political campaign and convention manoeuvres are not yet claimed for Senator Pepper in his marked qualifications as a statesman.

▲

**Roger W. Babson, Noted Statistician
Who States Facts**

There are Americans who can figure romance as well as interest in statistics. Roger W. Babson has a unique classification as a professional man—it stands out as solitary as a lone pine tree—Statistician.

He has carried the reputation of statistical expert ever since he was born amid the rugged rocks of Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1875. The son of a retired merchant and banker, he baffled his playmates at the high school with statistics that covered the blackboard and calculated the scales on the back of a cod fish. The high and low tide of Gloucester for years past was known to him before he had read "Robinson Crusoe."

"Figures are a simple and graphic form of experience and I am astounded that anyone should assert that statistics are a meaningless total. Applying the law of averages, determining the cause and effect is only working out the law of probabilities, which is as immutable as Newton's law of gravitation."

In his college days at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology young Babson was recognized as an expert in figures, carrying them in his head rather than in note-books. When he graduated he made a job for himself as "statistician" in a bond house. Here he developed the idea of studying securities in the interest of purchasers, from a law of averages and observing facts.

His health failing, Roger Babson took up his residence in Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, and established offices near the college to the satisfaction of the young men in his employ, known as Babson's boys. Here he developed the organization that is known the world over, and began furnishing letters to firms in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and various corporations in Europe. In fact, Babson offices are located all over the world, teaching the Occident and Orient statistics.

"The fundamental basis of my work is from Sir Isaac Newton's law of action and reaction applied to human activities—everything that

rises is certain to fall again," said Roger Babson as naturally as if he were commenting on the weather.

A rather tall, slender man, with a Vandyke beard and deep-set eyes, he is very earnest in his conversation. His ideal has been co-operative and profit-sharing plans among manufacturers and wage-earners. He has written many books on business conditions in which he expressed himself strongly on business ethics.



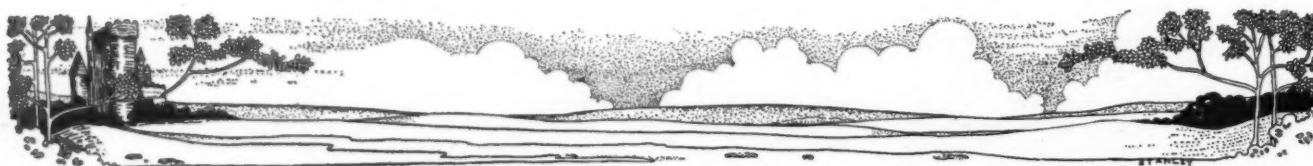
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During the war Roger Babson rendered important service in maintaining friendly relations between labor and capital. He saw the deflating revolution coming on after war conditions and gave warning.

From Babson's offices at Wellesley a veritable current of information is mailed every hour of the day.

Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society of London, his first book, "Business Barometers," followed by "Selected Investments," are classed as valuable contributions to the business literature of the times. In the new town or village which he has created in Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, and in Florida, Roger Babson has made waste places blossom as the rose, with the irrepressible vision of a statistician.

"When you stop to think about it—about all we have is the Future," said Mr. Babson, his eyes narrowing under his heavy eyebrows. "Yesterday is past, Now is fleeing; it is the future we are living for, but how few people realize that the past is only light offered for a judgment on the present, and a real guide to the future."



Expiation in a Prison Cell

Man is by nature gregarious. Society's penalty of segregation for infraction of its laws bears heavily upon the spirit of the malefactor

SIX months in the Bastille would expiate any crime," said Joseph Balsamo while masquerading as Count Cagliostro.

Anyone that has been immured in a solitary cell, continuously over any unusual length of time, will concur in Balsamo's estimate of sufficiency of time, under duress, in which to expiate any offense, particularly when all the circumstances of confinement within the Bastille are fully understood.

The fall of the Bastille had no relation to the mere character of expiation a prisoner underwent within the prison-fortress, for if it had any such relation similar-typed domiciles would not have been continued to be constructed up to our more civilized times. The destruction of the Bastille, a blow directed against the incompetent, tyrannical French monarchy, did not remove, not intending to, the domicile evils that inspired the words of Balsamo.

What conditions and considerations could make six months in the Bastille be regarded as sufficient time in which to expiate any crime is well worth inquiring into, not only to learn what advance in amelioration of prison hardships has been made since 1789, but also to understand, in fine, what expiation is. The institution of the cell-block system of imprisonment has been described as the greatest crime of the eighteenth century! What could justify such a broad indictment?

There are obvious phases of physical suffering and discomforts that contributed in good measure to the anguish of incarceration in the Bastille. There were vermin, rough sleeping accommodations, sickening atmosphere, narrow limits that denied healthy exercise, hard prison fare, and, in particular cases, a certain amount of inflicted torture, which was part of the universal system of criminal justice then practised. And yet this obvious, physical phase of suffering was but secondary to what made incarceration a horrible experience. To be subjected to these noxious conditions alone, for six months, with everything else running smoothly, would hardly suffice to expiate any one of many atrocious crimes. However, the cumulative effect upon the mind of these and any other physical discomforts contribute largely to determining expiation, for expiation, unadulterated, is a mental proceeding; and even one month's subjection to the cited instances of physical suffering could have such a dire effect upon a healthy mind as to serve well to expiate any offense a healthy mind might commit.

It is not the obvious phases of suffering, then, that make for expiation; it is the hidden; and, in the final analysis, to explain expiation one must enter the realm of psychology. Possibly only a man that has experienced years of close confinement in a cell, as the writer has, can speak accurately on the subject of the psychology of cell confinement. To be understood, some things must positively be felt.

By J. FORTUNE READE

Endeavor to imagine the effect upon the mind of being thrust into a dark cell on the issuance of a mere *lettre de cache*, charging no particular crime, or even upon the conviction of some crime, and being kept there in isolation and solitude, with no idea of when you would, or if ever you would again know the blue overhead. With no one to speak to, nothing to read and no work to do, what would you do with your idle mind? You would just think, think, think—into a kind of insanity. With the sinking of the sun each day and the complete, enveloping darkness you would have the sensations of being buried alive. Imagine that a realization has come over you that you are eternally separated from those you love tenderest; that you must bear the crushing insolence of arrogant, ignorant jailers; and that justice is inaccessible. Emphatically, life would be a horrible burden. To lose your identity in insanity would be welcome, for not to be conscious of certain kinds of suffering is better, though the heart beats on. But, however great the assaults made upon most minds, they never reach the breaking point; consciously, too consciously, they bear up under the assaults and sharply feel the mortification. Such is what the Bastille could provide. And would not six months of it have sufficed to expiate any crime?

Without stopping to review the transition by stages from 1789 to 1924 in the significance of incarceration, let us merely observe how the cell of now, differs from the cell of then, and in what lies Twentieth Century expiation.

Today, dark, naked solitude, with the floor as a bed, is reserved alone for very short periods of confinement for prisoners that are charged with infractions of the rules of discipline. The orderly prisoners, ninety per cent, have electric lights in their cells until nine o'clock, when they must retire. They have reading matter of every description. During the day they are employed in workshops. If the mind is idle, it is due to the prisoner's inability to concentrate. The appalling sensation of being buried alive is absent, although when a man is first committed, and for some months after, he may experience some such sensation, due to the abrupt shutting off of his touch with the active world. Justice is accessible, although it is slow and requires either fine legal talent or influence. For the most part the old tyranny of jailers is gone—public opinion being against it. Obsolete are all instruments of physical torture, except in isolated cases. But expiation, mental, is as present as ever, though less poignant. Let us see of what it consists.

In our modern Bastilles every prisoner is confined to the very narrow limits of a single cell during sixteen of every twenty-four hours. Over a period of thirty-nine hours, from Saturday

afternoon until Monday morning, he usually must spend thirty-six of those hours in the solitude of his cell. Over a period of a year he spends a solid eight months a forced hermit. To a young man in particular, endowed with the least imagination, such solitary existence is dreaded as a scourge and is the theme of nightmares. Being a gregarious animal by nature, man cannot well become habituated to enforced solitude. It is a mental ordeal that taxes one's philosophical ability to the very limit. Physical freedom to come and go, one of the greatest subconscious incentives to existence, when suddenly circumscribed or inhibited and consciously faced, is a vital stab at the essence of being. One must possess extraordinary fortitude to easily resign himself to the mere surrender of his physical freedom and content himself with the one major activity he may know in his cell, ceaseless mental application, useful or useless, but mostly useless. The physical urge is inherent and undying, whereas the intellectual is acquired and, in most cases, brief. Art can never supplant or transcend nature. Human nature is the very barrier to all that is idealistic. It has first claim upon us whether we will or will not confess it. It cannot be stifled, successfully. Long periods of forced confinement in a solitary cell is a many-headed evil that will some day be recognized as such and ended. In its place will come a natural, social system of confinement, on the dormitory plan.

In this article the class of offenders in mind are inmates of state penitentiaries only, where long sentences are the rule. There, late every afternoon on workdays, the prisoner marches from the workshop or yard to his solitary cell, and is locked in for the night. Until the hour when sleep beckons him, what are his mental processes?

All but a small percentage of the prisoners spend their cell hours in light reading. This manner of passing the time is an unconscious effort to soften the hardship of denials and absences. The fires of ordinary, healthy kinds of ambition do not burn—only in a relative few. An odd ambition arises: to glide through the stretch of death-like years with the least effort and reach the glorious end as unspent as possible. Although, at some time, almost every prisoner may make an effort to pursue some useful study, a number of things sooner or later interfere to crowd back the effort. In this regard, while the extreme lack of conveniences, facilities and simple comforts form a big item, of far greater potency than all else combined is an ever-present mental pall, an annoying obsession, the stark, unforgettable realization of one's outcast, cramped, hollow existence, with every social advantage cut off—and the long years ahead before there can be a return to normal, worth-while, enjoyable existence. Like some cancerous remorse, this obsession hovers over the thoughts at all times, demanding tribute in the form of uneasy contemplation, which is expiation. It is not a thing that can be overwhelmed by exerted will,

and the church—amusement and religion—more than some public leaders have been able to appreciate. America is fundamentally an altruistic and religious country."

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Nicholas Murray Butler, the President of Columbia University

At a meeting of the Missouri Society in New York, A.D. 1924, Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, in a few minutes precipitated a nation-wide, well-defined discussion of the 18th Amendment: "Prohibition should be made a national issue." There was no equivocation or compromise in his declarations. A series of letters to the newspapers pro and con, followed in quick succession. His speech broadcasted over the radio was heard in the theatres of St. Louis and by the people in the hills and valleys of the Ozarks. There was a division of sentiment among the guests evident when Dr. Stratton Brooks, president of the Missouri University at Columbia, responded to the president of Columbia University. It was a battle of Columbia presidents. Dr. Brooks took occasion to disagree with every statement in toto made by Dr. Butler, and said he could not return and face the home folks without making his protest. The referees of the occasion were Toastmaster Bainbridge Colby and Augustus Thomas, dramatist, the genial Missourian, who poured oil on the troubled waters.

President Butler has been prominent in public life for many years and he is honored with a list of degrees from nearly all the famous educational institutions in the world. In 1912 he received the Republican electoral vote for vice president of the United States. As head of the largest

education in Paris and Berlin, and upon returning to America decided upon teaching as a career.

In January, 1902, before he was forty years of age, Nicholas Murray Butler was elected president of Columbia by unanimous vote on the first ballot. The prophecy was then made that Columbia would become one of the great universities of the world under his administration. This prophecy has been more than fulfilled, for Columbia today is a pre-eminent educational institution, having over 32,000 students enrolled.

Dr. Butler was inducted into office after an address of welcome delivered by Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States. Dr. Butler said he would not accept the presidency as a money-raiser, insisting—"If I wanted to be a financier I would have gone into business for myself. If I am made president I feel there are other problems which will take all of my time, thought and attention. I want to know what is being taught and how it is being taught; how the courses are correlated, and strengthen them where most needed; to be as helpful as possible to every instructor, and above all to be free to study the university question in its broadest aspect and to keep in touch with all modern improvements. I cannot do this if I am called upon to attend to the bank account."

Frankness and candor are Dr. Butler's well-established characteristics. Having overturned some of the evils of the public school system of New York City he was referred to by his enemies as Nicholas "Miraculous" Butler.

Old-fashioned, unswerving loyalty to his friends and ideals have made him a hard fighter, never asking or giving quarter, but drawing the line at ill-will and hate. He says: "One is only wasting time when one becomes angry."

▲

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, the Scholar-Statesman

The slender form of Henry Cabot Lodge, with well-trimmed gray beard and wavy hair, flashing dark eyes and strong, resilient voice declaring for a "World Court," has been a familiar figure on the floor of the United States Senate.

Appropriate it is that he should have been born in Boston in 1850, a descendant of the *Mayflower* Pilgrims, a member of one of the oldest Colonial families. In the centennial year of the Declaration of Independence—1876—Henry Cabot Lodge declared himself an attorney-at-law and his name was so recorded in the directory of the Hub. Graduating from Harvard in 1871, he received many merited scholarly and honorary degrees. He was editor of the *North American Review* for three stirring years when the pages of that periodical was the fighting forum for eminent writers. He began his political career as a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, called the "General Court." In his first campaign he came in contact with real politicians, who initiated him as a tenderfoot to the joys of a "packed caucus." After a hard-fought battle in '87, he was elected a member of the notable 50th Congress and served an apprenticeship of three terms in the House before aspiring to Senatorial honors.

Associated with Theodore Roosevelt in literary work, Henry Cabot Lodge encouraged the intrepid "Harvard man from New York" in his first political ambitions. Later Roosevelt asked the Progressive convention to nominate Henry Cabot Lodge for President.

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of Armaments in 1921 he became a conspicuous figure in international affairs.

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university in the United States, his essays and addresses have been regarded as reflective of the highest American thought.

A decisive speaker, fluent and aggressive in his delivery, President Butler has been a force in educational affairs. In his contact with the public he has never appeared to seek the popular side of a question.

A native of Elizabeth, New Jersey, young Butler was recognized as an aggressive force in his early school days. He received his higher

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William M. Butler, Chairman of Republican National Committee

A new Warwick appeared at the Republican National Convention in Cleveland in 1924 in the person of William Morgan Butler, Chairman of the National Committee. Friend and adviser of President Calvin Coolidge, who followed him as President of the Massachusetts Senate, William M. Butler has been the power invisible that has directed affairs decisively without fluster or fireworks. Retiring in person, he is at the front with plans made with the relentless purpose of "going through!"—to the finish.

"W. M.," as he is called, was born sixty-three years ago in the whaling city of New Bedford, Massachusetts. His youth was spent among the sturdy old whaling ship captains whose recitals of adventures are a romance that ever appeals to youth. The old skippers at Edgartown and Nantucket were among his ardent supporters when he launched into a political career, because he knew his ship, fore and aft, from topmast to keel.

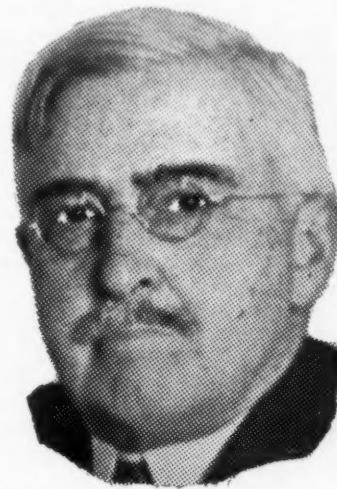
Graduating at Boston University in 1884, William M. Butler began and practised law in New Bedford until 1895, when he removed to Boston. He early developed a liking for quiet politics and knew how to handle the Cape Cod district when elected to the House of Representatives and later to the State Senate of Massachusetts.

Active in large industrial undertakings, William Butler became president of the Boston & Worcester electric lines, the New Bedford mills, the Quissett mill and the Butler mill. His executive abilities attracted the attention of the late Senator W. Murray Crane early in his career, and he influenced young Butler to remain in Massachusetts instead of going West at a critical time in his career.

Seated at his desk, the new chairman keeps his many responsibilities directly in line before him mentally. A medium-sized man, with prematurely gray hair, black piercing eyes, he says little, but around the conference board his ideas and judgments count for conclusions. He drives for one point—results—and his thought is not easily deflected from the "objective" in his mind. Some call him cold, wrapped in the isolation of his own purposes—but his friendships are hooks of steel. Ever since Calvin Coolidge began his

political career, the best judgment and services of his friend Butler have been at his command. William Butler is long-headed. The two new appointments for the Coolidge Cabinet and the selection of a man not a delegate to nominate Coolidge reveal a bit of sentiment.

Marion Leroy Burton, born in Iowa, now president of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, was chosen to make the nomination speech at Cleveland because he is an old friend of President Coolidge. Burton holds a degree from Amherst, although he graduated from



WILLIAM M. BUTLER says: "Governments and political organizations are like a business, depending to a large extent upon the selection of men to do the work—and the sterling value of the products."

Castleton College in Minnesota. As president of Smith College at Northampton, Massachusetts, he was an intimate friend and neighbor of President Coolidge for many years. He knew Coolidge in the years when his public career was in the making. This selection reveals the appreciation of sentiment by Chairman Butler.

The same clear-headed judgment he has used in building up his business, William Butler has given to his friend Calvin Coolidge unreservedly in building up a campaign. The primaries indicated that the "whaling city" boy knows where and how to find the votes. The campaign will be the next test.

This statement concisely sums up Chairman Butler's policies: "Governments and political organizations are like a business, depending to a large extent upon the selection of men to do the work—and the sterling value of the products."

▲

George Wharton Pepper, Senator from Pennsylvania

A contrast of personalities came to mind when Senator George Wharton Pepper of Pennsylvania succeeded the late Senator Boise Penrose. As member of the National Republican Committee the contrast is still more marked. Sedate and sedulous Philadelphia breathed a sigh of satisfaction when the scholarly Pepper—a native son—donned the Senatorial toga.

Born in the City of Brotherly Love—educated within its borders—George Wharton Pepper became the traditional "Philadelphia lawyer" that couldn't be "puzzled." For thirty-two years he practiced law, but he also kept in close touch

with public affairs—meantime lecturing on law at Yale and the University of Pennsylvania.

When Senator Pepper appeared before the Pennsylvania Society of New York soon after his election, he made a favorable impression. Citizens of Philadelphia made their pilgrimage to hear him and seemed quite in tune with the administration. Later, in Portland, Maine, Senator Pepper began to explain the Teapot Dome situation, and later offered a World Court substitute for the Harding-Coolidge plan with all the unctuous of the Philadelphia lawyer who knows what he knows. For a time it looked as if the Pennsylvania idea might uproot the Root plan, but President Coolidge revealed a capacity to speak for himself—and the Pepper plan was not in favor at the White House.

A tall man with a gray mustache and dignified bearing, Senator Pepper is a pleasing and



GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER says: "Large majorities do not remain stable and secure without arduous attention and eternal vigilance."

forceful speaker, with a diction that ranks with that of John Hay. As chairman of the Pennsylvania Council of National Defense during the war and the Constitutional Convention, Senator Pepper has occupied the highest positions of trust in his State, and yet there is the problem as to whether he can handle the great voting machine of the State as did his predecessor—Boise Penrose.

"Large majorities do not remain stable and secure without arduous attention and eternal vigilance. We can have a World Court and not surrender our national sovereignty in the selection of its members."

A lifetime spent in the study, practice and lecturing on law fits Senator Pepper as an authority on legal lore. The insistent stubbornness and mixture of Pennsylvania Dutch and Quaker stock is slow to yield a conviction even under the temptation of political expediency—a contrast again.

The Pennsylvania delegation at the Republican National Convention will still act as a unit from force of habit and tradition, but the strategies of political campaign and convention manoeuvres are not yet claimed for Senator Pepper in his marked qualifications as a statesman.

▲

**Roger W. Babson, Noted Statistician
Who States Facts**

There are Americans who can figure romance as well as interest in statistics. Roger W. Babson has a unique classification as a professional man—it stands out as solitary as a lone pine tree—Statistician.

He has carried the reputation of statistical expert ever since he was born amid the rugged rocks of Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1875. The son of a retired merchant and banker, he baffled his playmates at the high school with statistics that covered the blackboard and calculated the scales on the back of a cod fish. The high and low tide of Gloucester for years past was known to him before he had read "Robinson Crusoe."

"Figures are a simple and graphic form of experience and I am astounded that anyone should assert that statistics are a meaningless total. Applying the law of averages, determining the cause and effect is only working out the law of probabilities, which is as immutable as Newton's law of gravitation."

In his college days at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology young Babson was recognized as an expert in figures, carrying them in his head rather than in note-books. When he graduated he made a job for himself as "statistician" in a bond house. Here he developed the idea of studying securities in the interest of purchasers, from a law of averages and observing facts.

His health failing, Roger Babson took up his residence in Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, and established offices near the college to the satisfaction of the young men in his employ, known as Babson's boys. Here he developed the organization that is known the world over, and began furnishing letters to firms in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and various corporations in Europe. In fact, Babson offices are located all over the world, teaching the Occident and Orient statistics.

"The fundamental basis of my work is from Sir Isaac Newton's law of action and reaction applied to human activities—everything that

rises is certain to fall again," said Roger Babson as naturally as if he were commenting on the weather.

A rather tall, slender man, with a Vandyke beard and deep-set eyes, he is very earnest in his conversation. His ideal has been co-operative and profit-sharing plans among manufacturers and wage-earners. He has written many books on business conditions in which he expressed himself strongly on business ethics.



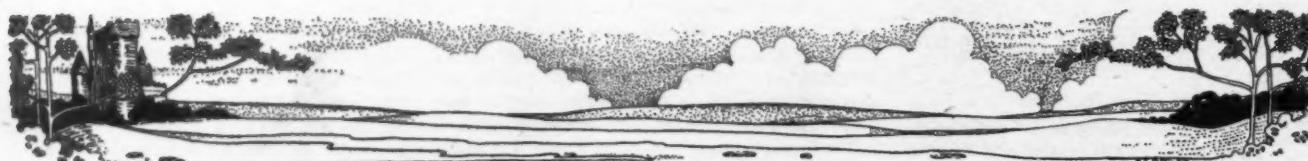
ROGER BABSON says: "Figures are a simple and graphic form of experience and I am astounded that anyone should assert that statistics are a meaningless total."

During the war Roger Babson rendered important service in maintaining friendly relations between labor and capital. He saw the definitive revolution coming on after war conditions and gave warning.

From Babson's offices at Wellesley a veritable current of information is mailed every hour of the day.

Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society of London, his first book, "Business Barometers," followed by "Selected Investments," are classed as valuable contributions to the business literature of the times. In the new town or village which he has created in Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, and in Florida, Roger Babson has made waste places blossom as the rose, with the irrepressible vision of a statistician.

"When you stop to think about it—about all we have is the Future," said Mr. Babson, his eyes narrowing under his heavy eyebrows. "Yesterday is past, Now is fleeing; it is the future we are living for, but how few people realize that the past is only light offered for a judgment on the present, and a real guide to the future."



Expiation in a Prison Cell

Man is by nature gregarious. Society's penalty of segregation for infraction of its laws bears heavily upon the spirit of the malefactor

SIX months in the Bastille would expiate any crime," said Joseph Balsamo while masquerading as Count Cagliostro.

Anyone that has been immured in a solitary cell, continuously over any unusual length of time, will concur in Balsamo's estimate of sufficiency of time, under duress, in which to expiate any offense, particularly when all the circumstances of confinement within the Bastille are fully understood.

The fall of the Bastille had no relation to the mere character of expiation a prisoner underwent within the prison-fortress, for if it had any such relation similar-typed domiciles would not have been continued to be constructed up to our more civilized times. The destruction of the Bastille, a blow directed against the incompetent, tyrannical French monarchy, did not remove, nor intending to, the domicile evils that inspired the words of Balsamo.

What conditions and considerations could make six months in the Bastille be regarded as sufficient time in which to expiate any crime is well worth inquiring into, not only to learn what advance in amelioration of prison hardships has been made since 1789, but also to understand, in fine, what expiation is. The institution of the cell-block system of imprisonment has been described as the greatest crime of the eighteenth century! What could justify such a broad indictment?

There are obvious phases of physical suffering and discomforts that contributed in good measure to the anguish of incarceration in the Bastille. There were vermin, rough sleeping accommodations, sickening atmosphere, narrow limits that denied healthy exercise, hard prison fare, and, in particular cases, a certain amount of inflicted torture, which was part of the universal system of criminal justice then practised. And yet this obvious, physical phase of suffering was but secondary to what made incarceration a horrible experience. To be subjected to these noxious conditions alone, for six months, with everything else running smoothly, would hardly suffice to expiate any one of many atrocious crimes. However, the cumulative effect upon the mind of these and any other physical discomforts contribute largely to determining expiation, for expiation, unadulterated, is a mental proceeding; and even one month's subjection to the cited instances of physical suffering could have such a dire effect upon a healthy mind as to serve well to expiate any offense a healthy mind might commit.

It is not the obvious phases of suffering, then, that make for expiation; it is the hidden; and, in the final analysis, to explain expiation one must enter the realm of psychology. Possibly only a man that has experienced years of close confinement in a cell, as the writer has, can speak accurately on the subject of the psychology of cell confinement. To be understood, some things must positively be felt.

By J. FORTUNE READE

Endeavor to imagine the effect upon the mind of being thrust into a dark cell on the issuance of a mere *lettre de cache*, charging no particular crime, or even upon the conviction of some crime, and being kept there in isolation and solitude, with no idea of when you would, or if ever you would again know the blue overhead. With no one to speak to, nothing to read and no work to do, what would you do with your idle mind? You would just think, think, think—into a kind of insanity. With the sinking of the sun each day and the complete, enveloping darkness you would have the sensations of being buried alive. Imagine that a realization has come over you that you are eternally separated from those you love tenderest; that you must bear the crushing insolence of arrogant, ignorant jailers; and that justice is inaccessible. Emphatically, life would be a horrible burden. To lose your identity in insanity would be welcome, for not to be conscious of certain kinds of suffering is better, though the heart beats on. But, however great the assaults made upon most minds, they never reach the breaking point; consciously, too consciously, they bear up under the assaults and sharply feel the mortification. Such is what the Bastille could provide. And would not six months of it have sufficed to expiate any crime?

Without stopping to review the transition by stages from 1789 to 1924 in the significance of incarceration, let us merely observe how the cell of now, differs from the cell of then, and in what lies Twentieth Century expiation.

Today, dark, naked solitude, with the floor as a bed, is reserved alone for very short periods of confinement for prisoners that are charged with infractions of the rules of discipline. The orderly prisoners, ninety per cent, have electric lights in their cells until nine o'clock, when they must retire. They have reading matter of every description. During the day they are employed in workshops. If the mind is idle, it is due to the prisoner's inability to concentrate. The appalling sensation of being buried alive is absent, although when a man is first committed, and for some months after, he may experience some such sensation, due to the abrupt shutting off of his touch with the active world. Justice is accessible, although it is slow and requires either fine legal talent or influence. For the most part the old tyranny of jailers is gone—public opinion being against it. Obsolete are all instruments of physical torture, except in isolated cases. But expiation, mental, is as present as ever, though less poignant. Let us see of what it consists.

In our modern Bastilles every prisoner is confined to the very narrow limits of a single cell during sixteen of every twenty-four hours. Over a period of thirty-nine hours, from Saturday

afternoon until Monday morning, he usually must spend thirty-six of those hours in the solitude of his cell. Over a period of a year he spends a solid eight months a forced hermit. To a young man in particular, endowed with the least imagination, such solitary existence is dreaded as a scourge and is the theme of nightmares. Being a gregarious animal by nature, man cannot well become habituated to enforced solitude. It is a mental ordeal that taxes one's philosophical ability to the very limit. Physical freedom to come and go, one of the greatest subconscious incentives to existence, when suddenly circumscribed or inhibited and consciously faced, is a vital stab at the essence of being. One must possess extraordinary fortitude to easily resign himself to the mere surrender of his physical freedom and content himself with the one major activity he may know in his cell, ceaseless mental application, useful or useless, but mostly useless. The physical urge is inherent and undying, whereas the intellectual is acquired and, in most cases, brief. Art can never supplant or transcend nature. Human nature is the very barrier to all that is idealistic. It has first claim upon us whether we will or will not confess it. It cannot be stifled, successfully. Long periods of forced confinement in a solitary cell is a many-headed evil that will some day be recognized as such and ended. In its place will come a natural, social system of confinement, on the dormitory plan.

In this article the class of offenders in mind are inmates of state penitentiaries only, where long sentences are the rule. There, late every afternoon on workdays, the prisoner marches from the workshop or yard to his solitary cell, and is locked in for the night. Until the hour when sleep beckons him, what are his mental processes?

All but a small percentage of the prisoners spend their cell hours in light reading. This manner of passing the time is an unconscious effort to soften the hardship of denials and absences. The fires of ordinary, healthy kinds of ambition do not burn—only in a relative few. An odd ambition arises: to glide through the stretch of death-like years with the least effort and reach the glorious end as unsput as possible. Although, at some time, almost every prisoner may make an effort to pursue some useful study, a number of things sooner or later interfere to crowd back the effort. In this regard, while the extreme lack of conveniences, facilities and simple comforts form a big item, of far greater potency than all else combined is an ever-present mental pall, an annoying obsession, the stark, unforgettable realization of one's outcast, cramped, hollow existence, with every social advantage cut off—and the long years ahead before there can be a return to normal, worth-while, enjoyable existence. Like some cankerous remorse, this obsession hovers over the thoughts at all times, demanding tribute in the form of uneasy contemplation, which is expiation. It is not a thing that can be overwhelmed by exerted will,

and crushed. It is there always, ingrained, and functioning automatically. It is the call of life to life while uncertain life is. Inertia is painful. To the physical side of man, his strongest side, monotonous solitude in a cell is death.

In the foregoing respect, poignancy of expiation is in relation to one's understanding and valuation of the outside social advantages and enjoyments forfeited. Sentiment is, of course, no small factor. And while it is true that, as a general thing, the prisoner that has known the best that civilized society can provide in the way of comfort and luxury is the man whose sense of expiation is the most poignant, still an equal degree of expiation may be felt by a youthful product of a slum district, if the youth's appreciation of the environment he forfeited is as real and deep, relatively, as is the former prisoner's appreciation of the opportunities and pleasures of the environment he forfeited. In both cases the sharpness of the perceptions decides everything. A dull mind is less the sufferer than a bright mind. Beyond all this the gravity of the crime the prisoner committed may, and the length of his sentence naturally will, affect his thinking, and weigh in the balance of his conscious expiation.

For the sake of easy demonstration, suppose that every prisoner is under a like sentence for a like offence. Then the extent of what one has forfeited and the sharpness of one's perceptions, combined, form the chief criterion of expiation. Accordingly, it may be said that of two men sent to prison, one of intelligence, and the other a dullard, the former is punished the greater by society. Of course society may answer this by saying that the offender of intelligence is of greater guilt, since he knew with more consciousness the wrong of the offence which he committed when he committed it—knew with more consciousness by far than did the dullard, and therefore deserved greater punishment. The judicial arm of government recognizes this, but in meting out sentence is fickle. In one case it will give the intelligent offender a light sentence, in the belief that he will expiate his offense in a short time. In another case it will mete out a short sentence to a dullard on the basis of his not being fully accountable. Again, although it will mete out a long sentence to the man of intelligence, crediting him with having deliberately waved aside the dictates of his intelligence to court evil, and with being dangerously anti-social by choice, despite intelligence, it will also mete out a long sentence to an offender of the lowest mental type on the ground that because of his very mental incapacity he is a standing menace to civilized society.

If, as many persons imagine, the single cell is an opportunity for a man to improve himself through self-examination and application, why is it that, in this country alone, where half a million men pass in and out of prison cells in the course of a single year, it is almost unheard of that an ex-prisoner ever achieves an unusual success in any field of honest endeavor? This question can not be answered by saying that the type of men consigned to prisons is low and defective and thus hardly subject to improvement, because such an answer would be incorrect. Among penologists it is well known that the average of intelligence among prison inmates is somewhat higher than it is among folk outside prisons. The only defensible answer to that

question is that the prison cell is a chronological mistake—even more so, in this civilized day, than were the Bastille cells in the Eighteenth Century.

The human mind is complex. Even a genius cannot follow along a single line of thought for more than a few minutes at a time. There must be slight intervals of rest. Following a major mental effort there must be reaction, relief. The wisest of men have always had some pet recreation to turn to, after mental labor. But even if the wisest of men and geniuses were able to go along indefinitely without the need of a change of pace, such extraordinary men, it should not be expected, would be found congregating in penitentiaries.

In his narrow single cell, the average prisoner, essentially human, left alone at all times with his thoughts, has his moments of self-examination, resolution, despair, and so on—but, if he seeks to relax the mental tension in some recreation, he may turn to a book only, which, whatever its character, only serves to continue the mental process of direct application, compelling contemplation and hardly affording any mental relaxation. There is no escaping the monotonous reality of the whole unnaturalness of cell existence. There is no forgetting oneself and finding release, as in some natural, spontaneous, self-expression. The mind is always tense, and complete, healthful reaction becomes unknown. This tension of the mind, however, continued over long stretches of time, produces its own reaction, unhealthful, sometimes morbid.

Any mature thinker, even without the cell experience, will understand this. And in this respect, it is strange that those of the psychopathologic fraternity neglect to fully recognize and make proper counteracting provision against the major weaknesses of human nature. Or is it indifference that overlooks that mechano-organic man imperatively requires reactive outlets of expression in one form or another, at uncertain intervals, and that long suppression of the imperative call to thus express, in ways healthfully recreational, is highly dangerous, reactively?

Constrained hermit existence, with depriva-

tion of what normal man naturally requires, cannot succeed as a penal policy because of its very diametrical opposition to what normal man naturally requires. It compels too much philosophizing. "Men philosophize amid ruins." "To philosophize is to die."

The single cell is a nursery for brooding upon one's miseries, real and imaginary. The prisoner heaps execrations upon a society that consigns him to a "hole in the wall" and leaves him there alone, forgotten, like a very corpse in a tomb. Contemplating upon his indefinite sentence, his misery is very real, for he cannot know whether he will be released in the coming year or five or ten years hence—not so different from Bastille uncertainty.

It is doubtful that civilization could inflict a more cruel form of punishment on a human being than this long, drawn-out uncertainty as to when he will again "live." It is a needless misery thrust upon one who is suffering aplenty in the mere fact of his isolation. Its immediate reactive effect is the kindling of a strong fire of hatred for officialdom.

The indefinite sentence should be made systematically definite by means of a credit schedule, as is already in operation in a few state prisons.

For a prisoner to know with some degree of certainty when he will step out of prison, or to know that his personal conduct within prison will definitely decide when he will step out, be it a month or ten years hence, is for him to be in a settled frame of mind and divorced from sleepless nights, whereas, according to the systems generally in vogue, futile hope and anxiety burden his already burdened mind, from day to day, from year to year; and lurking behind his every thought is a curse for those who are in any way responsible for his miserable uncertainty of mind. The prisoner is not benefited. Nor is society, afterward. If officialdom has deliberately fashioned this uncertainty as a form of expiation, it has shaped a gratuitous punishment that is decidedly a boomerang.

But whatever amount of expiation a prisoner must undergo, a congregate unit system of living, as against the single cell of excessive self-contemplation, would greatly redound to the benefit of both society and the prisoner. In prison, men should be trained to live as they must live afterwards, in the company of other men, not as introspective recluses.

If it be argued by anyone that a man is sent to prison for the express purpose that he court manufactured miseries and in that way expiate his offense, that would be adopting an old-fashioned retaliatory attitude and be entirely neglecting to weigh the ultimate consequence in the after time of the prisoner's regained freedom.

The bare forfeiture of freedom is to be expected by an offender, and it can decidedly be made a sufficient expiation, according to its length. But for a prisoner to be subjected, among other things, to a hermit existence and not to be provided with some means of knowing when he will again "live"—these things do not help to win him over to the side of law and order, through increasing his respect for organized society; but, unless imprisonment does these things, every penal institution is futile, and it were wiser to revert to the practices of the time when capital punishment was in its heyday.

Personality

(An Allegory to T. J. L.)

By F. H. W.

I

On dull grey days high mountain crags
Look fearsome, soul-repressing, frowning;
The weary climber heartless lags—
Sees failure all his efforts crowning.

II

The sun breaks forth on rugged peak,
Discovering sweet scented flowers,
In hidden crevices that speak
Of secret charms and latent powers.

III

The wearied one takes heart again,
Though the sun goes down he does not care.
On he toils with a glad "Amen,"
Now knowing the secret beauties there.

IV

So when a proven great man smiles,
Who finds life stern and man-like meets it
so;
Not his the weakling's grin and wiles—
The strong man's smile sets weary hearts
aglow!

The Builder of Christmas Cove

How a great-hearted business man has transformed a tiny corner of Maine's picturesque coast line into a veritable fairyland where hundreds of poor children may romp and play

DOWN in Maine," where Nature molded the great outdoors with a lavish and a loving hand, the summer visitor finds a wondrous playground—a place of peace and surpassing quiet, beautiful beyond comparison with more sophisticated spots because the modern fever of unrest is there almost unknown as yet, and Nature's handiwork has scarcely been defaced.

Great tracts of virgin woodland, wonderful lakes embowered in living green, broad, placid rivers and rushing mountain streams, hurrying over rocky beds on their unending journey to the sea, great mountains towering to meet the clouds, and thousands of lesser pine-clad hills—a vast seacoast line where frowning cliffs and wave-worn rocks alternate with sand-strewn stretches of curving beach, where the long Atlantic rollers curl and foam—all this and more we find in Maine in the "good old summer time," for words are frail and futile things wherewith to paint the glories of a countryside that would tax the skill of a consummate artist to depict.

And over all there broods the old New England spirit bequeathed by those sturdy men who made their way into the northern wilderness a matter of three centuries ago and built their little wooden forts along the river banks and alternately fought and traded with the Indians, and planted the very outposts of civilization in the New World while their brothers in the Plymouth Colony were struggling back to normalcy after their all but losing struggle with famine and pestilence and fear of the unknown dangers of an unknown and savage land.

So, natural scenic beauty and historic interest combine to make Maine a summer mecca for out-of-state visitors, among whom, several years ago, were numbered Samuel A. Miles, the New York automobile showman, and his wife. So taken were they with the manifold attractions that Maine has to offer, that Mr. Miles purchased a tract of land on a lofty eminence near South Bristol, overlooking St. John River and the ocean, began the construction of a summer home and named his newly-acquired bit of property Clifton—both because of the high rocks on the east side and because that was the name of the suburb of Bristol, England, where he was born.

Like many another opportunity-seeking young English lad, Samuel A. Miles, when only fourteen years of age, made a most uncomfortable trip in the steerage of a tramp steamer from Bristol, England, to New York. Last spring he returned from his annual trip to his old home on the *Berengaria*, a five-day floating palace. In between those two trips he got into the sporting publication business, and later interested himself in automobiles. Now he is practically the New York Automobile Show.

It was during his first trip to Maine that the name of Bristol in a guide book caught his eye, and curiosity to see how much it looked like his native town attracted his regard. Bristol, Eng-



SAMUEL A. MILES, wealthy now after a lifetime of intense application to business, still remembers the dreams of his poor boyhood days—and is translating those dreams into wonderful realities for a multitude of boys and girls

land, has a population of over 300,000—and Bristol, Maine, not quite 3,000, but the natural beauty of its location so took his fancy that, as a direct result, a thousand boys and girls had quite the most wonderful two weeks of their young lives this summer at the Christmas Cove Children's Summer Home at Clifton.

For a long time Mr. and Mrs. Miles have wanted to share their pleasure in Clifton with others, but not until their activities in the World War brought them into contact with the Salvation Army did the problem seem solved.

That little job being attended to, Mr. Miles suggested a fifty-fifty proposition to the Army. "You furnish the children," said he, "and I'll furnish the money," and between this great organization and this great-hearted man wonders have been performed in the way of giving happiness and health to hundreds of children who otherwise would have had no glimpse of green trees or tumbling waves or alluring stretches of sun-warmed sand to delight their souls.

They come in relays of one hundred each for a period of two weeks to this wonderland by the sea.

The project of a children's summer home at Clifton was started two years ago, but Mr. Miles' health prevented him from

putting it into full execution until this last summer. The tract available to the kids is over a mile long, and there are eight buildings, including five dormitories. Of these, four are all one big room, but there is a larger one divided into rooms to afford an opportunity for secluding sick ones, if any there should be, though all have to have a physician's certificate of health and freedom from disease before coming here.

But among a hundred children from eight to twelve years of age there is, of course, likely to be some illness at times.

The big dining room can be turned into an assembly room in case of bad weather or an entertainment. There is also a building for help, for there are fifteen people employed to attend to the needs of the camp.

The superintendent's house is a roomy and comfortable home. The superintendent and his wife, Ensign and Mrs. Charles Walker of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, have this to themselves, Ensign Walker is qualified to treat simple illnesses, to render first aid and all that. A shallow cove has been dammed for a swimming pool and the bottom covered with sand. It is full of rafts for the bathers. Every building has its standpipe and hose. High up on the hill is a tank 17 x 15 x 12 feet, filled from a splendid spring, and this affords abundant pure water for drinking, cooking and protection from fire.

Mr. Miles intends to erect a large semi-open house for use in dull weather. On the land are numerous swings, and out-door athletics will be encouraged freely. The dormitories have big round signs painted on them, bull's eyes two feet across of black, red, blue, green and yellow. Mr. Miles says that a kid will remember his color when he couldn't remember a number.

Of course Mr. Miles realizes that among the one thousand or more boys and girls who will be his guests every summer, there will be some hard cases, some hard to manage. The actual discipline he will leave to the superintendent and his assistants. But the good, well-behaved children will find that virtue is not its only reward. There will be elegant sails over John's Bay for those that

Continued on page 177



CHRISTMAS COVE, where Samuel A. Miles has established a children's summer home in co-operation with the Salvation Army. Situated on a wooded height overlooking the beautiful St. John River and the ocean, a spot of more manifold delights for the childish heart would indeed be difficult to find

The Great Admiral's Ghost

A Story

By ISABEL ANDERSON

SOMEWHERE far out on the great ocean there are coral islands with low hills rising from the water's edge. Green, crooked cedars grow upon their sides, but no springs of fresh water bubble up to dance lightly down to their mother, the sea. Instead, the rain which falls from the clouds is caught on the white-washed, ribbed roofs of the bungalows that glisten like patches of snow in the sunshine and stand out from the dark trees like a flight of herons. Here and there are bright splashes of color in the landscape where masses of pink oleander bloom, or purple bougainvillas climb the walls. When soft winds blow, the perfume of fragrant lilies fills the air, but sometimes the wind is angry and works itself up into a tempest, and then it lashes the opalescent emerald water and flecks it with foam and spray, sweeping it savagely upon the shores of these mysterious islands as if jealous of their beauty. Down under the surface the sea gardens of anemones are washed back and forth, the sponges sway, and rainbow-hued fishes seek their ivory caves. It is then that St. Elmo's fire plays in the rigging of the ships, the thunder roars, the rain descends, and the lightning strikes; the warning of disaster comes all too late, and the ships are dashed upon the coral reefs. So these islands have been called the Isles of Devils.

Captive red men from King Philip's war, black slaves from Africa, and convicts from the old country were brought to these shores, but now they have all been freed, and white men and those of darker skin laugh and work together happily. Sometimes they fall to spinning yarns as they sit by the blue ocean, telling tales of days gone by when the Great Admiral's ship, *The Sea Venture*, was wrecked upon a coral reef. He was the type of veritable sea lion, a heroic figure who first made this land known to the world. Though his body was taken home across the sea when he died, weakened by the hardships and privations he had suffered during his long journeys of discovery, his heart was buried in the new-found island on a beautiful spot he had dearly loved. A tropic garden was made about its resting place, which looked out to the very reef where the great galleon sank. When sudden storms rise and the hurricane rages and the creamy waves leap into the air from down deep where the submerged vessel lies, it is said that the Great Admiral's ghost comes back seeking his lost heart. Indeed the apparition has been seen again and again standing there in the garden by the water's edge, dressed in its ancient naval uniform, or pacing restlessly up and down.

Lovers have caught a glimpse of him when in the dusk they have been overtaken by a gust of stormy weather, and he has looked beseechingly at them, as if they, whose hearts are beating so fast and warm, might tell him where his own lay cold. But the islanders are fearful of his wraith and believe it omens ill for any pair who see him

cross their path. There is a tradition that he seeks young men to man his sunken galleon, and laying his spell upon them, marches them off slowly and unrelentingly down into the water, down, down, until they are never seen again. So sweethearts beware of the Admiral's garden.

One sunny afternoon the Governor was strolling there, thinking about his only boy, who was soon to return from England. What career would be best for him—the Navy? The English were always a seafaring race, he thought, as he stood looking at the Great Admiral's monument. A fine career and a suitable wife, that was what he wanted for the lad. "I'll decide after I've had a talk with him," he concluded, "but first I'll give him a good time before he has to settle down.

"We'll have some gay parties for him," he told himself. "Masquerades and all that sort of thing. Used to be keen on acting and charades and dressing up when I was young. The boy will like it, too."

Bob arrived and though he did enjoy the Governor's balls, the girls he met there failed to take his fancy, and he found much more amusement in wandering through the streets of the town, watching the mingled races, the white-washed houses, the quaint markets. Besides, he told himself, he was going to be on this island for so short a time—his father's plans for him including an early return to London—he had better see all there was to see. But one day he saw someone who did take his fancy. She was leaning over the balcony railing above her father's store, her laughing face with its great brown eyes and dark curls framed by clusters of trumpet vines, yellow as amber.

Her eyes were still dancing with mischief, for she had just waved a farewell to sturdy, sensible John Farnham, thereby distracting him so that he nearly collided with the Governor's son. Robert himself scarcely perceived that he was being bumped into, for he was saying, "That blackhaired girl is a ripping creature. By Jove! I believe I'll go into the store and perhaps she'll come down. If she smiles again at me with those pretty white teeth, I'll buy out the whole provision shop!" When Rose saw him, she forgot all about her other lovers, even her most ardent suitor, John Farnham. So Bob entered and Rose did appear. Of course he lingered and bought all kinds of things he did not want at all, and that was how the acquaintance began. He ended by asking her to go sailing with him the next day over to the sea gardens, and though she pretended to hesitate, she finally went. The sun shone and the water glittered while they glided over the clear green water, looking down at the purple sea fans waving upon the white sandy bottom, the prickly sea eggs, the sprays of snowy coral, the sapphire, gold-fringed angel fish, and

the lively sergeant-majors, their rank indicated by their stripes, dodging in and out among the rocks.

Robert found Rose more fascinating even than he had hoped. She had been well-educated, and though she had never been away from the islands, she knew all there was to know about the flowers, the fishes, and birds. She was proud, too, for was she not the descendant of a Pequot chief? The afternoon was far too short, but there was another day coming, which Robert felt could not be better spent than in Rose's company. Would she meet him in the Admiral's garden? Rose laughed and promised not only to join him there, but also to defy the possibility of the Admiral's ghost. The garden was lovely, the day fair—neither wraith nor foul weather interrupted them, and it soon came about that they were meeting daily, and their trysting place the haunted spot.

Rose's father, jolly, red-faced John Hammond, large of frame and loud of voice, thought no one too good for his daughter. Had he not made money shipping onions to the States? Was not this provision store prospering? There would be a good dowry, provided the young man suited him.

"What's this I hear?" he challenged Rose one morning. "Governor's son been shining up to my girl, hey?"

Rose laughed and her black eyes danced. "Any objection, daddy?"

"Oh, no. He's a good catch. Have a try for him if you wish, but there'll be the devil to pay when his father gets wind of it."

Rose tossed her head. "I'm good enough for any man, I fancy!"

"Sure you are! Go to it!" and the father put his arm around his daughter. "Only don't break your heart. You might remember, too, that John's a jolly good sort."

"Oh, daddy, I love Bob's blond hair and his straight nose—he's stunning! Besides, nobody else dances as well as he does, not even John." After a pause she added, "Any way, so long as you encourage me, I'll—I'll just see if he doesn't really love me, after all, even if the Governor should forbid him!"

"You have the blood of kings in your veins, Rose. Your mother was descended from a Pequot chief, and she was a beauty, too. To be sure, you've only got a poor storekeeper for a daddy, but his people were among the first settlers. And you're going to have money one of these days, my girl, if the onion crops hold good."

"You're just as good as anybody!" declared Rose.

"Even if I do get drunk once in a while? Well, when I am drunk, I feel as good as the Governor himself."

Rose hugged him and picked up her hat. "Where are you going?" demanded the grocer.

"Once again to the old Admiral's garden."

So Robert met Rose at their trysting place on

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The Life That Caused a City's Rejuvenation

Jacksonville, Illinois, whose credit wasn't good for sixty cents, in five years has become a going concern. Samuel W. Nichols taught the children as he took them on journeys and stuffed them at Burgoo soup feasts. A civic Santa Claus

IT pays to be generous. It pays to be kind. There is nothing in this world so satisfying to the soul as serving your fellow-men.

Samuel W. Nichols, the "Grand Old Man" of Jacksonville, Illinois, realized these truths more deeply than ever before as he sat in an automobile at the head of a great parade in his honor, on a recent afternoon. Riding through the streets of a modern city—only a small county seat village when he first came to it, more than sixty years ago—he saw everywhere the grateful sentiment that exists toward him. He was honored, he realized, because he has been generous and kind, helping to build and better the city throughout the years.

The Nichols Day parade was a public expression of the community's appreciation to Mr. Nichols for his gifts and untiring service. And the best feature of all, he was there to receive these honors. He is as grateful to Jacksonville for this celebration as Jacksonville is to him.

Three bands, a drum corps, hundreds of school children and hundreds of others, marched in the parade through the business district between two and three o'clock. The number of marchers was estimated at between three and four thousand. Practically all school children of the city were in the line of march. The parade formed on West State and adjacent streets and moved east around the square, followed by counter-march on West State.

Mr. Nichols rode in a car at the head of the parade in the rear of the mounted marshals. All along the route he heard handclaps and shouts of "Hurrah, Uncle Sammy." To these hearty salutations he responded with bows and waves of the hand.

Many organizations were represented in the parade, the majority of which Mr. Nichols has at one time or another assisted financially and with his personal attention. Passavant hospital's section was one of the noticeable features of the parade. This is an institution that has always found Mr. Nichols a true friend.

The board of directors, medical staff and nurses marched. The nurses, in their snow-white hospital uniforms presented an attractive sight.

The G. A. R., Woman's Relief Corps, Service Star Legion, American Legion, Howitzer Company, Forty and Eight, United Spanish War Veterans and Legion Auxiliary, had sections in the parade. The School for the Deaf and Jacksonville State Hospital furnished large delegations. Boy Scout troops were numerous in the long column.

In the car with Mr. Nichols were Mayor Crabtree, Dr. F. P. Norbury, chairman of the day, and W. L. Fay, a long time business associate of Mr. Nichols.

The Forty and Eight appeared with its French locomotive engine and box car, which a short time ago was used in the state convention of this organization at Champaign. The Howitzer

Company, with its field equipment, furnished a military aspect to the parade.

The Jacksonville Community Band led the parade. The Illinois School for the Deaf Band, Jacksonville State Hospital Band and Jacksonville Colored Band contributed fine music, as did the American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps.

It is seldom that such large numbers of school children are assembled in Jacksonville. The combined enrollments of the public schools and School for the Deaf made a total of around three thousand. Most of these young people carried small American flags. The High School and Junior High School turned out en masse.

One striking feature of the parade was the placards carried by the Junior High School. A colored boy bore a card saying, "He is Our Friend—We Thank Him." This was real

sentiment, as there is no stancher friend of the colored race than Mr. Nichols. Another pupil carried a placard saying, "Off to the Fair." This reminded the crowds along the streets of the times when "Uncle Sam" played host to hundreds of school children of the city by taking them to the State Fair and to the World Fairs in Chicago and St. Louis. Still another sign said, "Burgoo." The Burgoes given by Mr. Nichols have by no means been forgotten.

Some of the Junior High boys and girls were on decorated bicycles. Others carried fishing poles. This section of the parade brought out several points in the history and character of Mr. Nichols.

Jacksonville did her best to honor this beloved philanthropist, who does not wish to be called that, but just a plain friend.

* * *

Often a mere trifle proves to be the turning point in a person's life, and a slight incident may attract attention where a stupendous event will go unnoticed. This fact is again exemplified in the case of the city of Jacksonville, Illinois, whose Mayor offered an official message to the local telegraph company, only to have it refused, as the city's credit was not at that time good for sixty cents, the cost of sending the message—wherefore the Associated Press sent out a story about the incident that was published in hundreds of newspapers and magazines in this country and Canada.

The reasons why Jacksonville was financially flat on its back five years ago were many and varied, but a few of the outstanding causes were these: It was the first city in Illinois to vote out the saloons, and the "wet" members of the legislature blocked every effort to provide the ways of taking care of the deficit caused by the loss of revenue that formerly came from the saloon licenses.

Then they had just had a great financial crash, growing out of their water works problem, a fight that had lasted for more than fifty years. The city had spent \$330,000 for a plant and a pipe line to carry water from the Illinois River, twenty miles away. Owing to their inability to agree upon its acceptance, or to mend it or rectify any mistakes that had been made in plans or construction, the city quarreled and fought until at last the whole thing was thrown back upon the contractors, the plant was razed, and the pipe line torn up and all sold for junk, for which the city received \$25,000—leaving a deficit of \$300,000, and a cloud of bitter hate and ill-will that was more deadly than the poison gas that the Germans used.

The city had anticipated the taxes for the coming year, and had spent them. It had paid its officials and employees in script, and for more than a year this form of currency had been traveling much the same road that the German mark has since traveled.

At this point Mayor Henry J. Rodgers called



SAMUEL W. NICHOLS, the "Grand Old Man" of Jacksonville, Illinois, was recently honored in an unique and touching manner, when the whole city turned out to join in a Nichols Day Parade as a public expression of the community's appreciation of his public services

sixty residents together as private citizens, each of whom invested the sum of \$100 in a plan to make a survey to see what could be done, and done at once, for all realized that without an ample supply of water Jacksonville would either dry up or burn up or blow away.

These sixty citizens began to realize what the prophet of old meant when he said, "Without vision the people perish," so they started a general campaign to enlist all of the people in a co-operative movement to banish partisan politics, wipe out sectarian differences, and to bring about a working plan whereby the east end and the west end of town could unite on a mutual platform. The Hon. E. E. Crabtree, a high type of young business man and banker, was drafted to serve as Mayor. He, and a city attorney, city treasurer, and six aldermen were elected to serve on a no-pay, no-politics platform.

To those who are interested in sociology, psychology, and politics, these events that have attracted international attention, will afford ample reward for any time and trouble that may be devoted to them.

* * *

Back of every effect there is a cause. And if we will but hunt out the many evidences that are traceable from the effects that are seen on the surface back to their causes, we will find that there is no miracle in the hearty accord with which the citizens of Jacksonville worked to bring about a cure of their own city troubles.

The writer, during the past year, has spent several weeks in Jacksonville studying the causes and effects of which we read, and about which we hear so much, and which seem to indicate that a miracle must have been wrought to have produced in this section such men as Lincoln and Douglas, who first came to political combat at this point, and where Hon. William Jennings Bryan learned to debate and demonstrated that as a lawyer he was a great orator, and where such a modest, retiring individual as the Hon. E. E. Crabtree could attract international attention by serving as mayor of a city of 15,713 inhabitants.

This appeal for unity of action, for a better understanding was so easily realized, not because a miracle had been wrought, but on account of the forces which for nearly a century had been at work to bring about this very result.

In order to understand just what some of these forces were, and who was responsible for them, we will have to go back to the year of 1864, during the Civil War, and there we find a young man entering the Illinois College and taking up his permanent residence at Jacksonville.

That young fellow-man, Samuel W. Nichols, was destined to play not only a prominent, but a very useful part in affairs that have engaged the attention of the people of his city from that date to the present time, and which through the very nature of things will continue to play a large part in the affairs of the coming generations, who will call the city of Jacksonville and Morgan County home.

In 1866 there came from Fulton County a young school teacher, who was said to be "as green as a gourd and as sharp as a whip," by the name of "Prof." R. C. Crampton, who started a business college at Jacksonville, which some years later was enlarged and spread out into what is today known as Brown's Business Colleges, of which there are now twenty-five in operation in various cities of the Middle West.

The first graduate from this business college at Jacksonville was Samuel W. Nichols, and immediately after his graduation he became actively interested in a number of business ventures that

have had a great influence on the lives of the people of his community.

As early as 1856 the Jacksonville gas works were constructed by local capital, and as the stockholders were all "greenhorns" in the gas business, the company was naturally swindled and wasted its money and effort on worthless schemes and useless material.

Joseph O. King, a Connecticut Yankee, who was then engaged in the lumber business, and who was one of the largest stockholders of the gas company, set to work, to studying the gas business. He learned all that he could from books about the theory and practice of manufacturing gas, and then he interested with him a young Irish mechanic by the name of John McDonald. These two re-built the gas plant and replaced the weak and worthless parts with first class material, and did it all from the earnings of the company. At that time gas was selling at \$5 per thousand cubic feet.

In 1868 the question of providing the city with adequate water facilities, as well as with gas became a live one. Joseph O. King, S. W. Nichols, and R. C. Crampton made a survey for a reservoir, and in 1869 the question of the city council appropriating \$150,000 for water works construction became the real political issue of the day. Those who opposed the project carried on a fierce campaign predicting that such a project would cost the taxpayers \$500,000 instead of \$150,000, as the ordinance called for.

But its promoters organized their forces and carried the day, winning by fifty votes.

This project was carried through, the city issuing 10 per cent bonds, having twenty years to run, and in 1876, they were refunded at 8 per cent, and Jacksonville sat back, content in the thought that its water question had been settled and would remain settled for all time.

* * *

But in 1879 nature ceased to function and there was a great drouth in that section. It continued through the spring and summer, with only enough rain now and then to settle the dust. And again the water question became the one great question of the hour.

Back in the year 1868 a little company was organized for the purpose of fitting out a real theater, and George W. McConnell was elected president, with Samuel W. Nichols as secretary and treasurer. A small hall was leased, fitted out with scenery, lights, and re-christened, The Odeon Hall.

Sol Smith Russell was one of the first to appear in Odeon Hall. He was a native of Jacksonville, starting his career as a monologist, giving plays.

In 1892 the Grand Opera House was dedicated and the opening performance was given, being a "Home Talent Play," under the title of "State's Evidence," which was produced with forty-eight people in the cast. The play was specially written for the event by Mr. S. W. Nichols.

To go back again to the year 1868, we are brought face to face with a real civic tragedy. For many years the colored people of Jacksonville had worshipped in a little church of their own, but on March 3rd the building, so dear to the hearts of those who worshipped there, was destroyed by fire. Immediately an effort was put forth to build a new church. The church was soon under way—the walls were erected, when the funds were exhausted, and it looked as though the whole project would have to be sold under the sheriff's hammer, when late one Saturday evening S. W. Nichols bought some seats from the Opera House, and had them taken to

the new church, where on Sunday services were held within the bare walls, with the naked rafter overhead for a roof.

Not only did the members worship, but they renewed their courage, and set to work to complete their task and provide a new church home. It is easy to see how such work has tended to bring Jacksonville's colored population into closer harmony with those who are striving for the general welfare of the community, and this has been a large factor in her present activity.

For twenty-seven years Mr. Nichols was editor of the *Jacksonville Journal*, where he exerted a potent influence that was recognized as constructive, and was put forth with the view of leading the people to a higher and more useful service for the Community, and thus inspiring them to make greater efforts as a civic necessity.

He was elevated to the editorial position in 1884, taking an active interest in the presidential campaign of that year, and is even today a contributor to that journal. At the time this is being written, Mr. Nichols is contributing a series of articles, describing the country and the people of Arizona, where on account of his delicate health he spends the winter each year.

* * *

All of the events thus far narrated in this story only give us a background for the things that are to follow.

One of Mr. Nichols' hobbies was to gather up a band of children and take them sight-seeing. He took 438 children to St. Louis to visit the Exposition, when he chartered a train and went with all of the pomp and glory of a conquering army. He took 545 youngsters to the State Fair at Springfield, and for thirteen years took an annual train load to Decatur, Bloomington, Peoria, Urbana, and other places of interest.

The little tots bitterly complained to him because they were cut out of these great pleasures, so he abandoned these excursions and for a number of years prepared an annual feast and festival known as "Burgoo Soup Day," at which from 1,000 to 1,500 children of the poor, with their parents, were given free street transportation to the park, where they could take part in games and sports, and where they were entertained by special amusements until 11 A.M., when the soup would be served.

A "Burgoo Soup Day" is in a measure to the people of Morgan County very much what a barbecue is to the southerners. But as far as the writer can learn, this institution is a local affair, and has never attained any degree of prominence outside of this locality.

The Burgoo soup was made for these Burgoo Soup Festivals, held in Nichols Park at Jacksonville, by boiling one whole beef, a wagon load of chickens, rabbits, pigeons, pheasants, and quail. The beef was started to boil twelve hours before the time to serve it. To this was added a wagon load of green corn, about the same amount of potatoes, tomatoes, turnips, cabbage, and then a wagon load of crackers mixed in, and all well stirred and well seasoned. It was served as a hot, stringy, gelatinous soup.

The children were all seated on the grass, each having come with a soup bowl, drinking cup and spoon, and a force of men were kept busy with huge buckets and dippers, serving soup from 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.

In an interview with Mr. Nichols he said: "I wish you could tell me where they put it. I could eat a bowl, and sometimes a bowl and a half, but these children would often eat six and eight bowls."

The well-to-do people of Jacksonville say that

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From Orphan Waif to Lumber Baron

How Walter H. Schenk rose from poverty and became one of the most aggressive lumbermen of the great Chicago district within the space of thirty years

By W. C. JENKINS

THERE was a meeting of business men in the Argo State Bank. The annual picnic of the twenty-five hundred employees of the Corn Products Refining Company had taken place the previous day, and was, as usual, a great success; the city had just received some new expensive fire-fighting apparatus, purchased not by the municipality, but by the voluntary contributions of the people; new avenues of approach to the business district were being opened up and paved; other municipal improvements and new business enterprises were under way, and civic pride had stirred the manufacturers and merchants to a point where they wanted to put Argo in a more conspicuous position on the map.

The meeting was called to discuss plans by which Argo's fame and fortune could be given deserving publicity; the business men were in earnest and all that was lacking was a definite scheme.

Presently a man of small stature, but whose opinions were evidently much respected, got into action. In well-chosen language he pointed out the cause of municipal stagnation, and the measures that must be taken by a chamber of commerce to function economically and efficiently. In a word, he laid out a plan of action that met the approval of the gathering without a dissenting voice.

In the capacity of a journalist I have attended business men's meetings in all parts of the country. I have listened to the hope expressed by optimists and heard the wail of the pessimists. I have been impressed by the calm, cool judgment of men who had their city's interests at heart and I have been astonished at the nerve of cranks who make it their business to oppose every new suggestion for municipal betterment, no matter how meritorious it may appear. Obstructionists can be found in every community.

I did not dream that the little Napoleon who had spoken in that Argo meeting was one of the "Oliver Twists" of this country who have emerged from obscurity to a commanding position in American business affairs. Dickens could have taken the experiences of this man's boyhood days and made a remarkable story of struggle and ambition, devoid of any fiction whatever.

"Oliver Twist," with its humor, its strong characterizations, its tragic passages, and its scathing exposure of abuses, has been read by millions; and yet could the story of Walter H. Schenk, the little business man who had spoken so logically at the Argo meeting, be told in all its interesting details, it would be found that truth is stranger than fiction.

Today this waif of thirty years ago, is one of the most aggressive lumbermen of the great Chicago district. He controls three lumber yards, and his annual business is nearly a million and a half dollars.

It is perhaps interesting to fathom Caesar's

mind when he decided to cross the Rubicon; or to study the impulses that led Alexander the Great to cut the Gordian knot; but it is of infinitely more value to the American youth of today to learn some of the day dreams of this little orphan boy, and the ideals that guided him on his journey from the cold hut of poverty along the stony path that leads to the pinnacle of business success in Chicago. The life story of Walter H. Schenk, Chicago's popular lumberman, is worthy of a place in every American library. It is an incentive for every young man who is anxious to carve a name for himself in the hall of commercial accomplishment.

It was a week after the Argo meeting when I called at the lumber office of Walter H. Schenk Company and requested an interview with its president. "Do you think any of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE's readers would be interested in my story?" asked Mr. Schenk.

"Nothing gives its publishers greater pleasure

than to publish such a story for the benefit of American youth," I replied.

"Well, I certainly gained my business education in the school of hard knocks, but as I look back over the thorny path I have traveled, and then gaze at my organization of loyal, enthusiastic employees who are assisting me in my business endeavors, I can't help feeling a little proud of my accomplishment."

Mr. Schenk was somewhat fearful that the printing of a biographical sketch would create the impression that some ulterior motive prompted its publication. "Perhaps people will think I am getting egotistical, or that my head is swelled out of all proportions," he suggested.

I pointed to the brief stories of the lives of Hudson Maxim, Charles M. Schwab, Elihu Root and Jane Addams in the July issue of the NATIONAL and assured him that "Stories about People" is the leading feature of the magazine.

"Very well," he remarked, "then I will tell you a story of misfortune, hardship and privation that you seldom hear. Misfortunes which place us beneath our deserved condition are the hardest of all to endure, because there comes with them a sense of humiliation which seems to increase the pains of adversity. In my boyhood days I could not help but feel the sting of circumstances which led me and my two little sisters into a St. Louis orphan asylum upon the death of our parents, and then to see both the little tots soon follow father and mother into the great unknown—well, I felt that the cross was more than I could bear."

In plain language, alternating between sorrow and pleasing recollection, Mr. Schenk told of his days in the House of Refuge. He was never abused, and did not sigh for pleasures or possessions he knew nothing about. Still he had frequent day dreams of the part he would play in the great world drama when he became a man. He built castles in the air with wild abandon, for a kind Sister of Charity had told him that he who builds no castles in the air, builds no castles at all.

Hope for the orphan boy was kindled when he was told that the dominion of the world was given not to King Herod, but to the stripping shepherd with the sling, and to the carpenter's son, and that the wise men of the East were directed to worship not the setting sun of imperial Rome, but the dawning star of Bethlehem.

Imagine, if you please, what passed through this boy's mind one day when a big farmer with a full beard, a furrowed face and horny hands appeared at the orphanage and offered to take the lad to his farm in Arkansas and thus relieve the orphanage of any further expense on his account! The boy was then twelve years of age, and, although somewhat puny, he could at least earn his bed and board.

He had been in the asylum for ten years, and while the thought of leaving the institution to enter the great wide world brought a sensation



WALTER H. SCHENK, head of a large and successful Chicago lumber concern

of pleasure for the moment, the tears began to course down his cheeks when he realized it meant leaving his little orphan chums and the teachers who had been so kind to him. There was no alternative, however, and he must go to the Arkansas farm.

The embryo farmer was not fitted by nature for the physical requirements of an agricultural life. His health was poor, and his interest in crop rotation and blooded stock could not be kindled, and hence he was a round peg in a square hole. He remarked when telling the story: "I saw that I was out on a limb, and had to come back."

Great military generals have often found it good strategy to retreat; and this is precisely what young Schenk did within a year after joining forces with the bucolic boss. He had learned that a restaurant owner in Sapulpa, Oklahoma, or, as it was known in those days, Indian Territory, needed a dishwasher, and in hope rather than confidence, he left the farm to apply for the position.

How many boys who are being raised in the lap of luxury can fully appreciate the hardships and indignities which an orphan and homeless lad is subjected to when he is at the mercy of a brutal and heartless employer? Sincerity and honest endeavor do not count, when the autocratic employer has a brain storm, and nothing but humiliation is to be expected. Perhaps, after all, such experiences have their purpose. In the case of Walter H. Schenk the psychological effect of such treatment is plain from his own experiences, and there is no employer in this country who has a higher conception of labor's position in industry than this Chicago lumberman. It is said that to work for Walter Schenk and render satisfactory service means a permanent position at the highest wages paid in the lumber business. An unkind word seldom crosses his lips.

Figuratively speaking, this dishwashing venture had knocked him down, but he was not out, for when a subsequent morning's sun kissed the mountains of lead and zinc ore in southern Missouri, young Schenk was beginning a new career; he was a "bell-hop" in a Joplin hotel.

There are few better schools for those who desire to study humanity than the school of bell-hops. Here one has the opportunity to study not only the excellences but the frailties of mankind. Nice folks and vicious people all mingle in a democratic sort of way, and whatever ideals a boy has in life, he will soon find some worthy examples of men and women who practice them.

Young Schenk wanted to emulate those who have high aspirations in life; he saw in that Joplin hotel hundreds of men whose names represented business power and integrity, and these were the men whose manners and actions he studied.

It was not long before his energy and willingness came to the attention of a Web City lumberman, with the result that he was offered a position with the company. For the first time in his life he now felt the disadvantages of a lack of education, for in addition to important work in the yards he could have secured desirable work in the office, had he been qualified.

Did he sit down and bemoan his handicap in life? Not for a moment. He made arrangements to enter night school, and by diligent application for a few months he mastered the intricacies of accountancy. He then entered the office of the firm and soon forged his way to the front.

It sometimes happens that a firm's financial affairs do not develop in the same ratio as the ability of some of its employees. This seems to have been the case with the Web City concern, for we find young Schenk seeking a connection where his energies and ability would find a bigger field for action. A lumber concern in Pittsburg, Kansas, seemed to meet this requirement, and an alliance, offensive and defensive, was quickly made.

Twenty-five years ago the average lumber yard was an entirely different affair from what it is today. In those days it was a haphazard business and, as a rule, was conducted by men without scientific business experience. Today it is highly specialized; the expert accountant, the appraiser and the efficiency man have systematized the business, and the question of profit and loss is not left to chance. The average lumber yard today carries a full line of building materials. Many yards have planing mills in connection where mill work is supplied the builders of the community. Then, again, some of the yards do a considerable business in selling coal.

To develop a business far beyond the simple system that was in effect in Missouri and Kansas was Mr. Schenk's ambition, but he met with continuous obstacles because he did not control the channels for acquiring additional capital. The men in charge of the company's finances were slow in thought and slower in action, and young Schenk eventually became discouraged.

Long hours of application and everlasting study have been the factors that have placed men in a position to successfully judge cause and effect in business. Inefficiency and guess-work always lead to failure.

"If we were to consult the annals of commercial life," said Mr. Schenk, "we would find that in most instances the men who have been distinguished for success in business were not clock-watchers; they are of the same stamp as those who by burning the midnight oil have become eminent in literature and science. They have been characterized by self-denying habits, by simple tastes, and by unpretending manners.

"It has been my observation that business is the salt of life. Nevertheless it is the death potion to many. Whole hecatombs of victims fall daily under the perilous and burdensome weight of its cares, its responsibilities, and its reverses.

"To conduct a great business with permanent success, requires adequate, and even remarkable mental and physical qualifications, a strong and active mind with good practical common sense, and a sound and vigorous constitution. It exacts powers of thought and capabilities of endurance which are not to be expected in the feeble and inefficient, the reckless or inactive.

"Is it strange that there are so many failures? Can a young man who spends his evenings in dance halls, or loafing upon the streets, hope to successfully compete in the game of business with the young man who is spending nearly eighteen hours a day either actively engaged in business or studying its problems?

"The successful athletes are those who are well trained. The unsuccessful are those who come into the arena with inadequate preparation and knowledge; the weak are the prey of the strong, and powerful minds dictate and dominate on practically every occasion."

Mr. Schenk's knowledge of business is not theoretical; he is in possession of practical ideas gained in the great school of experience. He asserts that the day has not come when books

will spare us the trouble of thinking, and inventions save us the labor of working. Men cannot be wise without application and toil.

When he decided to enter the bigger and more promising field which Chicago possessed he had a large fund of knowledge, and some splendid business ideals. His survey presented remarkable possibilities. He saw Chicago situated in the very heart of the world's most fertile valley, at the natural cross roads between the industrial East and the agricultural West, the ore-producing North and the cotton-growing South; possessing the cheapest water transportation on earth, and the finest railway facilities in the world, and it appeared to him that Chicago should grow at a remarkable rate.

Time has a peculiar way of proving the truth or falsity of men's predictions. It asks no favors and makes no apologies; it simply makes its records and cares not whether it harmonizes with the desires of philosophers or scientists.

In 1912 Mr. Schenk made the prediction that in a dozen years Chicago would gain a million people. When this prophecy was made the city had passed the two million mark. A careful estimate of Chicago's population today would place the figure above three millions. In view of the fact that the growth of the city during the twelve years prior to when Mr. Schenk made his prediction was barely 500,000, he must be credited with having a remarkable insight into future development. Today he predicts that in 1935 Chicago's population will have passed the four million mark.

But this business genius did not throw his banner to the breeze within the corporate limits of the city when he first came to Chicago. Being a strong believer in suburban development, he spent considerable time in studying the outlying communities.

When he reached Summit he found the Corn Products Refining Company, which had just purchased and consolidated the forty corn products plants in this country, building the nucleus for a big plant just outside the village limits. That section of the community adjacent to the new plant had been named "Argo," and about one hundred and fifty men were employed by the company at that time.

Mr. Schenk's mental survey showed great expansion for the new industry. It had the world for its market and, realizing the character of the men at the head of the institution, he made another prediction. He said: "Within a dozen years this plant will be the biggest of its kind in the world, and it will give employment to nearly three thousand people."

The village of Summit had a population of 950 at that time. Today it has approximately 6,000. The Corn Products Refining Company employs over 2,500 persons in its Argo plant alone. Other factories have come to the village of Summit. Today the community has two banks and the town is a busy, prosperous place.

In 1912 Mr. Schenk organized the Argo-Summit Lumber Company. This company is still in existence. Then he organized the Industrial Lumber Company and established yards at 46th and 63rd Streets, Chicago, and in a short time worked up considerable business.

But he had visions of lumber business expansion aside from being manager of the companies he had organized. He wanted to be not only the manager, but the executive head of the company he was directing, and in 1920 he organized the Walter H. Schenk Company and established yards at Argo, Clearing, and 56th and Archer

Between Towns

A Story

By ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

FROM his unconventional position on top of the Limited's first baggage car, Mr. "Put" Maxwell was able to foresee the wreck some seconds before it happened. The cap of a ventilator pipe protruded above the car's roof at his side. He seized it with both hands, clenched his teeth, lips and eyelids, breathed a regrettable monosyllable—and sailed into space.

As the ground slowly floated up to meet him, he saw that it was of a loose, sandy nature, and that it inclined at an easy angle with his line of flight. It occurred to him that these were fortunate circumstances; he would strike a glancing blow and come to a stop slowly, like a landing aeroplane. He even found time to congratulate himself that there was a considerable drop in the embankment on the side toward which he had been thrown. The further he slid and rolled, the better his chance of postponing the Hereafter. The Hereafter! Quite in line with the Best Authorities, regrets for his many sins flashed into his mind. He wished he had been a better man. He wished he had not disturbed the peace of the preceding night by beating up a member of the Walltown, Indiana, police force; he wished he had noticed his opponent was a policeman before he put over that last terrific right hook that laid blue coat and brass buttons on the sidewalk. Especially he wished he had paid his fare into Chicago, in a decent and lawful manner, instead of trying to rob the railway company of eight dollars seventy-six cents by "riding the tops." Oh, how he wished he had! The nearer the ground came, the more he wished it.

He did not feel his impact with the embankment at all; like a magical bed, the sandy slope put him to sleep as soon as he touched it.

The first thought of his returning consciousness was that somebody was trying to awaken him by pouring water on his face. He sputtered, and sat up. Close beside him was a little trickle of ditch water, into which his head had fallen. His attention was attracted by a dull confusion of sounds that seemed to be partly in his head, partly in the air around him. He lifted a hand to brush the sounds away from his forehead, and was startled by the unclothed, scratched and bloody condition of the arm attached to the hand.

"Gee!" he muttered dazedly, pulling at the rags that had formerly been the sleeves of his coat, shirt and undershirt. "Something must have—"

A sudden variation in the sounds that seemed to fill the air startled his wits out of the maze in which they were wandering. Someone, a woman or a child, had screamed.

He looked up. About the wreck of the first three cars of the passenger train, thirty feet above him, scores of persons were rushing and clambering like disturbed ants. Jets of steam from the overturned engine spurted white against the blue sky beyond. The caboose of the freight train, into which the passenger had plunged, was scat-

tered, in bits not much larger than kindling wood, over the engine, and little wisps of darker smoke hinted that the wreckage had already taken fire.

With all his confusion gone, careless of his tattered clothing and bruised body, Put scrambled up the embankment. The trainmen, assisted by several of the cooler men passengers, were pulling women and children from the wrecked cars, and he rushed into the work with the enthusiasm of a youthful, strenuous, adventure-loving disposition.

Before his unfortunate encounter with the policeman, Put had been a machinist in the Walltown Car Works; the twisted mass of wreckage before him was not altogether a new experience.

"Lemme take that!" he said, grasping at an axe in the hands of a white-moustached, dapper-looking gentleman who was whacking away at a beam.

"Get out!" roared the gentleman. "Take that crowbar from that fat idiot there and hold up while I chop!"

Put, recognizing that he had to do with a capable, authoritative person, obediently jerked the bar from the hands of the perspiring fat man and placed it where it would do the most good.

"That's—the—stuff!" growled the capable gentleman, with a blow between each word. He worked like mad, until he was out of breath, and then changed places with Put. When the beam was cut, the wreckage settled a little apart, as the gentleman had expected, and Put dived into the opening that was made; the gray-moustached man followed. Working like gnomes with axe and crowbar, they freed two passengers, a man and a woman, who had been caught beneath the crushed ironwork of the seats. The smoke from the approaching fire was choking them before the work was finished; and when the rescued passengers finally appeared, the crowd outside greeted them with a wild outburst of cheering. When the capable person and Put crawled out after them, there was more cheering.

"You're all right!" choked the man to Put, when, begrimed and sweaty and gasping with wood smoke, they stood up in the outer air. "If it hadn't been for you—well, it amazes me how helpless the ordinary man is. Come on!"

He led the way back to the next car, where a little knot of passengers were watching the efforts of some trainmen to get to another captive of the wreck. The trainmen stepped aside, at the white-moustached man's command, and went to work again at his orders. His voice was harsh and incisive, like a commanding general's; and Put was his chief-of-staff. When the captive, a white-faced old woman with one arm dangling pitifully limp, was finally pulled to safety, there were more cheers from the crowd.

"Do you think that's all, conductor?" demanded Put's commander, delicately dusting his grimed and bleeding hands.

"Yes, sir—I've been along the cars, and they're open—except at the two places we've chopped into."

"Good." He glanced at the forward part of the train, where the coaches were burning furiously. "Now I suppose we'll have to stand by and see the whole business go up in smoke."

"We will not!" put in Put tersely; he was a bit huffed at the white-moustached man's calm assumption of authority—and at the ignorance which his last suggestion revealed. "With a few bars to pinch the wheels, and all this crowd to push, we can run back the cars that are still on the track. Come on, everybody!"

He started, shouldering his bar. "Good for you!" said his late commander, as cheerfully as if unrebuffed. "I hope you'll allow me to assist?" he added, taking his place at Put's side.

"Sure," said Put, and added, by way of apology, "You couldn't hardly be expected to think of that; I've worked in a car works, ye see, or I wouldn't a-thought of it myself."

One by one the observation car and the three Pullmans that remained on the track were rolled a safe distance from the fire. Put commanded the job, and the white-moustached gentleman and the conductor worked at his orders. As he stepped to the ground, after setting the brakes on the last car, he came face to face with a man whom he seemed to remember. The man seemed to remember him, also. There was a bruised mark on one side of the man's chin.

Put nodded at him briefly, and pushed by into the crowd. He seemed to remember the man's face almost perfectly, and the memory was, in a peculiar way, uncomfortable; but he could not remember who the man was.

The white-moustached gentleman interrupted his cogitations on the subject by taking him by the arm and leading him to the outer edge of the crowd.

"Take my coat," he said abruptly, peeling off his, the well-tailored garment, as he spoke. "It isn't right that the hero of the occasion should be going around as dishabille as you are. You might as well throw away the remains of that coat of yours."

Put protested, but the authoritative person prevailed.

"Fits you fine," said the latter, when Put had put on the coat. "You say you've worked in a car works?" he added abruptly.

"Why, yes," said Put.

"Well—are you open to a new job?"

Put was astonished, but cool. "Yes."

The white-moustached gentleman considered him a moment. "You seem to know something about the wrecking business, and you appear to possess the initiative that's about as good as knowledge," he remarked dryly. "How long were you employed in a car works?"

Put was about to answer, when the man with the bruised chin came out of the crowd and edged

up toward him. Again the sight of the man's face, familiar and yet not identifiable, filled him with a vague discomfort.

"About a year," he answered absently. The man with the bruised chin sidled closer. Put turned his back on him.

"Well, I think you'll do. I'll just give you my card—" The capable gentleman made a motion evidently directed toward the pocket of the missing coat. At the same instant, yielding to a light pressure on his right arm, Put turned to look squarely in the face of the man with the bruised chin.

"I guess I've got ye, eh?" said the man. "You're under arrest!"

Put immediately identified the uncomfortable face; it was that of the Walltown policeman whom he had left on the Broadway, Walltown, sidewalk. He had not been able to identify the face before, because the body beneath it was now in citizen's clothes.

"What d'ye mean?" demanded Put, determined to face the matter out.

"Oh, I remember your ugly phiz! I knew ye was on this train somewhere, friend o' mine told me he saw ye hangin' round, just as she was pulling out. I had to hire an autymobile to catch her at the next station, but I'll make ye pay for it. Why, ye—"

"What's all this about?" demanded the white-moustached gentleman, abruptly thrusting himself into the conversation.

"Why—this chap's wanted back in Walltown for assaultin' an officer." The policeman was a bit abashed before the capable person's keen

eyes. "Meaning me—I'm a policeman. He feloniously attacked me last night—"

"You're mistaken," interrupted Put.

"No, I ain't! I remember him and three others was walkin' along, tight as ticks—"

"We was not!" roared Put. "I mean," he added hastily, "I never was in Walltown, and of course never—"

"Of course not," put in the capable gentleman, "Sir, you must be mistaken. I know this man perfectly."

"I remember the ugly face of him," asserted the policeman, shaken but not convinced. "If it wasn't him, it was his double."

"That might very well have been." The white-moustached gentleman seemed to be searching his mind for better evidence than the bit he had just presented. "Why, officer, you'd be astonished at the number of men who look alike, exactly alike, sir. Now, my friend here—"

He stopped, as if in the grasp of a sudden, brilliant idea.

"Why, sir, do you know who this man is?" he demanded.

"No—yes—that is, I don't know his name," said the policeman. "I got a John Doe warrant."

"Why don't you end this nonsense, Jim," demanded the capable person, turning to Put, "by simply showing your card? Just give him one—from your case there in your coat-pocket—"

"Eh?" said Jim dazedly. "I ain't got no—"

"He's dazed, poor chap, by the heroic work he's been doing in the last half hour. Here, old man, just allow me—" The capable person reached quickly into the inner pocket of Put's

coat, formerly his own, and took out an alligator-skin card-case. "There! I think that will clear matters up." He took a card from the case, handed it to the policeman, and patted Put concernedly on the back. "There, old man, come along back to your apartment and let your valet mix you a cooling drink. By gad, you've been working like a demon—and in this hot sun, too!"

He drew Put away, leaving the policeman staring at the card—which held the name of a railway official of such widespread reputation that he was known even in Walltown—and escorted him tenderly back to the observation car.

"Make yourself comfortable there," he said, depositing him on the rear seat, "and I'll send back my chef to get your order." He chuckled delightedly. "My Lord, but you must have hit that cop a swat! His chin was black and blue!"

"I didn't know he was a cop," protested Put, faintly. "I wouldn't ever have thought of doin' anything unlawful like that. It was dark, and I thought he was just—"

"What I wanted you for," interrupted the railway man, "was foreman of one of our wrecking crews. Suit you?"

"Suit me!" gasped Put, with a vision of fifty dollars a week in his mind. "I should say—"

"Good. You've got my cards—keep one and send the rest back by the chef. Come to see me next Monday, 9 A.M." He waved his hand cheerfully, chuckled, and went into the first compartment of the car.

Put took out the card case, removed a card, gasped as he read the great name, and settled down to await the arrival of the chef.

From Orphan Waif to Lumber Baron

Continued from page 171

Avenue. The capitalization of the corporation was \$200,000.

The company has shown remarkable growth since its organization. Its first year's sales were \$300,000; second year, \$600,000; third year, \$900,000, and this year the sales will exceed \$1,250,000.

It should not be understood that Mr. Schenk is a modern Aladdin who has attracted capital by merely swinging his lamp; he has never gone into the financial market for the purpose of floating his securities. Perhaps it would have been to his advantage if he had permitted men of wealth to unite some of their capital with his knowledge of the lumber business, and untiring energy and integrity of character. It would also have been to the advantage of the capitalists, for the lumber and coal business in growing communities presents a very promising field when controlled by men of honesty and ability.

Give an enterprise ample capital to establish yards at several of the fastest growing localities in Chicago, and with the application of the business methods which dominate the Schenk organization at present, there would soon be developed one of the biggest and most prosperous lumber concerns in the Middle West.

Mr. Schenk, however, has pursued a more modest course, and perhaps in view of the fact that ill-health confined him to his bed for some time a few years ago, such a line of conduct was attended by wisdom. Nevertheless, the prediction has been made by an eminent Chicago banker that within the next two years several more yards will come into the Schenk fold, for with his established reputation, highly progres-

sive methods and present good health, nothing can stop capital from knocking at his door.

Mr. Schenk encourages his employees to become part owners of the enterprise, and several of them have stock in the corporation. They were permitted to purchase it upon very favorable terms. Ambitious and contented employes, Mr. Schenk believes, are the life-blood of any successful institution.

Many successful business men of this country have a message of great value to American youth. No one can talk from a more varied experience than Walter H. Schenk, and here is what he says:

"The public has confidence in the man who has confidence in himself. They will soon find out if he lacks it. The man who holds on when others let go; who pushes ahead when others turn back; who stiffens when others weaken; who advances when others retreat; who knows no such word as 'can't,' and never gives up, will win in the end, no matter what obstacles confront him.

"The moment you establish the reputation of a man of stamina, of firm and prompt decision, of one who does not waver or wobble, the world will make way for you. But the moment you show a disposition to be easy, to allow yourself to be pushed aside, people will trample upon you and crowd you to the wall.

"It is the determined man, the one whose decision is prompt and final, who is resolute and aggressive, that not only succeeds, but also wins the respect and confidence of the community in which he lives. People believe in him because he is a man of force. They know he will not

dilly-dally or turn his back upon the enemy, but that he can be depended upon to stand firm and push toward his goal.

"There is no quality which gains more admiration and respect than that which enables a man to form a definite purpose, and then to concentrate all his energy in executing it. Seize every opportunity which presents itself to add to your experience. You will then increase your usefulness and fit yourself to fill higher positions. Say to yourself: 'I am in this business to make a living. I can't afford to fool or trifling with it or to treat it with indifference or contempt. I must go at it methodically and intelligently. I cannot afford to overlook any ideas that will help to make my work a success.'

"The world is full of men who are failures, and the chances are they failed for one of the following reasons:

"Their minds were not trained to grasp great subjects, or to generalize and make combinations.

"They were not self-reliant, and did not depend upon their own judgment. They leaned upon others and were always seeking other people's opinion and advice.

"They lacked courage, energy and boldness. They did not carry the air of conquerors, and did not radiate the power of leaders. They communicated their doubts and fears to others, not knowing that to reveal their own weakness was fatal to the confidence of friends and associates. They tried to substitute gall for ability. They could not delegate work to others; they wanted to do everything themselves. There was no power back of their eyes to make men obey them."

Tickleweed and Feathers

by FLYNN WAYNE

LANGUAGE LESSON

Our language is so simple, quite, on that we must agree:
There's box, with plural boxes, likewise ox and oxes, see?
And since we know a loafer is, of course, a man who loaf,
A chauffeur—so we must infer—must be the man who chauff.

"NEWT'S" WAY TO COOK RICE

Get a full quart of rice. Wash thoroughly through several suds and rinse well. Then place rice in a stewpan, covered with common hydrant-weter and place on stove. Let boil.

By-and-by rice will begin to swell. Soon as stewpan gets full of rice and begins to slop over, remove some and place in another stewpan. When both stewpans are full and running over, take out more rice from each and place in third stewpan. Repeat operation as often as necessary. If you run out of stewpans, use pots, kettles, tubs, washboilers, etc., until all are full.

The rice is done when it stops swelling. Oh, dear! we almost forgot the salt, but it isn't too late yet. Season with salt to taste. You have enough rice to feed a regiment. It is good served hot, cold, indifferent, or with cream.

WEALTH

A man who has \$\$ and cts.
Can buy all he wishes and hts.
The ones with the "mon"
Can have oodles of fun
For they never need heed the expts.

PUZZLING

The plucky balloonists had better take care,
For they won't know just where to descend
If, some day, the world, while they're up in
the air,
Shall happen to come to an end.

HARD TIME FOR POETS

There are so many rhymes for "June,"
And good ones, too—moon, spoon and tune—
No wonder bards its praises croon
In manner frantic;
But "winter,"—that's the time, ah, me!
Without a single rhyme, you see,
But "splinter," which we'll all agree
Is not romantic.

THE ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS

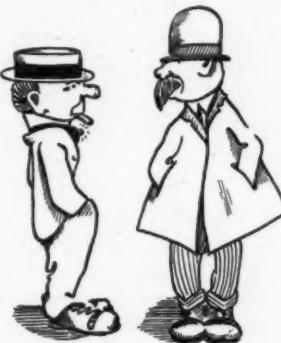
It is pretty generally agreed that a man should dress according to his station. This means, perhaps, that a man with a low salary should not wear a high hat.

THE GROUCHER AND THE BOOSTER

How different the groucher's tone and bearing and expression from that of the "booster." The latter is best described in Wordsworth's words:

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident tomorrows."

The world recognizes the fact that the groucher truly needs help, but that it should come from within instead of from without. It is impossible to set a man on his feet unless he will make a fair effort to use his own legs. The man who has fallen into the



"bad luck habit" of thinking needs to attain to a newer and better attitude of mind. There may be good opportunities lying all about him, but he is unconscious of their presence, since he is bent on looking for something else. Some one has truly said:

"'Tween optimist and pessimist the difference is droll;
One of them sees the doughnut and the other sees the hole."

The groucher thinks the whole world is composed of holes, though his environment may be filled with fine, fat doughnuts. His state of mind is well set forth in the lines:

"He growled at morning, noon and night,
and trouble sought to borrow;
Although today the skies were bright, he
knew 'twould storm tomorrow.
A thought of joy he could not stand and
struggled to resist it;
Though sunshine dappled all the land, this
sorry pessi—mist it."

6669 OR 6999

Hi! Let her out, though horses shy
And battered mongrel dogs ki yi.
We're well ahead of all who chase,
We'll take no chances in this race.
They've got our number at that town?
Go to, we had it upsidedown.

STRANGE, INDEED

"Am I, truly, the first man you've loved?"
asked he:
"Why, of course you are!" tenderly answered
she.
"But you men are so queer—" here she
glanced at the ring.—
"You're the fifth one that's asked me that
very same thing!"

EDUCATING THE TRAVELING PUBLIC

About the hardest thing for a parent to learn is the proper time to quit trying to buy half-fare tickets for the children. Conductors know this, and they have many artful ways of warning the traveling public that the age limit is overreached. A stout lady recently entered a car with her somewhat overgrown daughter. She handed the conductor two tickets, one full fare and one halffare. Eyeing the girl the "Monarch of the Road" gave the tickets a solemn punch, and then leaning over calmly asked the lady—in a voice that could be distinctly heard throughout the car:

"Madame, was this half-fare ticket for you or for the girl?"

Now it costs \$5 instead of \$2.50 for Nellie to go to Grandma's.

SELF-MADE WEATHER

The weather? Oh, that's something
That we won't complain about.
We'll be sunny on the inside
Though it may be dark without.

LAPSE OF DIGNITY

After our New Year's resolutions to be quite formal and correct—how soon does the ever recurrent visit of the "butcher, baker and candlestick maker" breed such a familiarity that they become all "Bill" to us?

HAVE YOU MET HIM?
The conceited man thinks his conclusions are fine:
Every argument sound, that is his;
As wrapped up in himself as a new ball of twine,
As stuckup as a pincushion is.

WOULDN'T THE EGGS BE, DOPED, TOO?

Will the wonders of research never cease? On account of the high price of eggs, poultry authorities long sought a means of making hens stay on the nest, and now the solution comes in morphine. An experiment was made by placing twelve hens on the

nests and giving six of them a hypodermic injection of morphine in the leg. The half-dozen so treated remained peacefully on the nest, twice as long as the others. One of them began to stir prematurely as if in a dream and stuck out her leg, when she received another injection and quieted down. If the practice is continued, there is fear lest the hens of the Empire State may become addicted to the morphine habit.

A A A SOME MODERN ORATORY

"Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink."
Words and gestures everywhere,
And not a stop to think.

A A A EVOLUTION OF THE STING

The bumble bee, whose business is
To nip the boys caught stealing.
Now stings the man with rheumatiz
And vastly soothes his feeling.

A A A QUERY: "WHAT MORE DOES HE WANT?"

Sir Reginald Britonbred, direct from the Stout Little Island, searching for a "tie pass" that he may elucidate same to his countrymen in a forth coming volume of "American Notes."

A A A WATCHING AND WAITING

"Hitch your wagon to a star."
Such was the motto of the class;
But I've been waiting ever since
To get the blamed old star to pass.

A A A DIVIDENDS ARE NOT CLEAR PROFIT

There is no clear profit in a business the nature of which will not permit the one who follows it to have a clear conscience.

A A A HE WENT SOME

The preacher in his pulpit sought
An illustration that would suit.
Alas, he told about a boy
Who sang the while he played his flute.

A A A THE SPRING FEVER

Ah! This brings back my early days
These forest zephyrs; sylvan ways,
Where comes no city's deafening sound
And quiet, beauty, health, abound.
Fearless, I doff my hat to you.
What's this? "A-chew! A-chew! A-chew!"

A A A AT THE TOMB OF SHEM

My ancestor? Perhaps 'tis so,
But 'tis a long way back to go
To find a forefather amid
The crew the old ark's bulwarks hid.
Shades of my fathers, can it be
You ever had a nose like me?

A A A THE BASEBALL FAN'S LAMENT

"Strike two!"—the Umpire's ghoulish glee
Brings anguish to the heart,
As with our next week's pay at stake
Our last fond hopes depart.

TOOK NO CHANCES

The car was full, but yet he spied
A space, two inches, by my side;
I scrambled up as down he sat
My seat I gave to Sir Plus Fat.

A A A DOUBLE MEANING

"Umbrellas Recovered" was a sign that attracted our attention the other day. But only for a minute! We shook our head sadly and walked on. It would take a whole galaxy of clairvoyants and a large squad of detectives to get back even a few of our lost ones.



NOT THE MORNING AFTER

The sweet young lady binds her head
With bandages, and yet,
They simply keep her hair in place,
She has no mal de tête.

A A A SIMPLY A TOPEZ

These fuzzy hats are quite the rage
Among baldheaded men;
They crown the heads with fuzzy hair
To make them young again.

A A A THEREFORE THE AFORESAID SAITH

"Never sign a paper until you have read
and understood every word of it, old lawyer
Ruggles used to say," said Uncle Hiram casually, "but I want to bet my house and
lot that four-fifths of the deeds, mortgages
and insurance applications and policies have
never been thoroughly read and understood
by their makers and never will be."

A A A WORSE THAN THAT

If when in a sailboat with me
You should start to fall into the sea
And I should laugh at you in glee
As you slipped over the side in the lea,
Don't you think you'd forget A, B, C,
And resentfully gurgle a D—

A A A NOBODY LOVES A QUITTER

The man who "lays down" on the job
generally has no "standing" among his
acquaintances.

A A A THE DONKEY SPEAKS

The donkey is the humorist
Of all the brute creation,
For you can hear him say "He Haw"
With each ejac(k)ulation.

A A A TOWN IMPROVEMENT

"Kind sir," remarked the husky hobo as he approached the leading citizen, "you have very likely heard of and are undoubtedly interested in this wonderful new plan for the municipal beautifying of cities—but—would you manifest your interest in a substantial way?"

"As how?" inquired the leading citizen.

"Would you, for instance, contribute directly to the cause?"

"I don't quite get you," was the response.

"Well, a dollar would buy me a ticket out of town," responded the frowsy one.

A A A A METER-EATER

The hungry poet sought the Muse
And vainly did entreat her.
She answered not, so he got hot
And ate up all his "meter."

A A A FORCE OF HABIT

First Shade—What's the matter with that old bald-headed gink who gets behind a tree every time Gabriel blows his horn?

Second Shade—Poor fellow—he's from New York, and he's only been here a week, and thinks he is still dodging automobiles.

A A A WEIGH THE DUST FIRST

"It's the clean-up and not the prospect that tells the story, partner," remarked Badger Brown as he reflectively pulverized the tobacco for another pipe. "Thar couldn't be anything sweeter than Sal Slatters two years ago when she married Jim King. Looked as if he'd opened up a pocket full of nuggets of peace and happiness; an' yet he went by this morning, his head covered with bumps and uncovered with anything like hair, in several places. You can't tell anything about it until the dust is weighed and banked, then you know."

A A A THE MORNING AFTER

When Sunday morning comes along
And you can sleep, and nothing more—
Ah, then you know the bliss that comes
The morning after the week before.

A A A GOING DOWN

Saint Peter—Well, what do you want?
Applicant—I'm looking for the well-known philanthropist who put up the price of ice to the poor, and left a million-dollar library to his home town when he died.

Saint Peter—Take the elevator—going down. Next! Step lively, please!

A A A YELLOW FRUIT

Those whom you cannot include among "the salt of the earth" might possibly be classified as the "fruit of the earth" with a strong leaning toward the lemon variety.

A A A ALMOST ALWAYS

To go "ahead" in business a man needs good "backing."

Creative Psychology for

"Just Folks" *Continued from page 158*

things to which you have given your attention.

Not all of us can be masters of finance, inventors, industrial giants, but there is not one person in the world that cannot reach a higher plane than they are on at the present time, if they will make the effort.

"Mind building is the greatest of all man's efforts, and the greatest success comes to the greatest builder. You might ask, 'Did all successful men study Creative Psychology?' Emphatically, 'no.'

"They made wonderful successes, and then the question, How did they do it? resulted in establishing laws that can be practiced by each of us. A knowledge of Creative Psychology makes this life a pleasurable one, every hour worth the living, instead of strain, stress and worry.

"We live successfully as soon as we learn to think in a logical, constructive manner. The late Professor James said, 'The discovery of the sub-conscious mind is bound to revolutionize the race.' Few had any realization that all he said would prove true. Within you is a potential power that you can arouse and put into action for any reasonable achievement you desire, and with a knowledge of the laws of the mind success is bound to come to you.

"A law of the mind that has been known many years is that every sensation and idea ultimately receives motor expression, therefore if your idea is kept confined in your own mind, it is like damming up a stream. You are damming up mental energy, and ultimately this energy will carry you on to success. So let us make our plans; think much, say little, listen always, and you can drive through to success with a mind power that is irresistible."

Countess Karolyi, the Hungarian Exile

Continued from page 154

have sacrificed all they have to the cause of democracy. Former princes and noblemen in some cities are running elevators, waiting in restaurants, awaiting the time when they can return. Americans can scarcely understand the horror of the word "exile."

Countess Karolyi, with her manifest sincerity and dramatic story, born in the heyday of Hapsburger glory, has in the glory of her beauty and youth projected her ideals into the Twentieth Century, insisting that the World War must and shall mean something for the people of her native land.

"The Horthy Government in Hungary are now distributing our lands to 'heroes' of the World War, even those who fought against the Allies. They are called 'vietzs.' It seems as if the patriotism of America is scorned in the Europe that was saved from destruction by America in the great debacle. I have not only looked upon the Statue of Liberty, but now I have looked into the faces of Americans and felt the heart touch of America, which has been drawing me closer and closer like a great magnet since the childhood days when I first read the story of Lincoln. O, if Europe only had a Lincoln!"

These last words, preceding a goodbye, were uttered with face upturned, as if in a prayer for her far-off Hungary.



Keeping the Telephone Alive

Americans have learned to depend on the telephone, in fair weather or in foul, for the usual affairs of the day or for the dire emergency in the dead of night. Its continuous service is taken as a matter of course.

The marvel of it is that the millions of thread-like wires are kept alive and ready to vibrate at one's slightest breath. A few drops of water in a cable, a faulty connection in the wire maze of a switchboard, a violent sleet, rain or wind-storm or the mere falling of a branch will often jeopardize the service.

Every channel for the speech currents must be kept electrically intact.

The task is as endless as housekeeping. Inspection of apparatus, equipment and all parts of the plant is going on all the time. Wire chiefs at "test boards" locate trouble on the wires though miles away. Repairmen, the "trouble hunters," are at work constantly wherever they are needed in city streets, country roads or in the seldom-trodden trails of the wilderness.

Providing telephone service for this great nation is a huge undertaking. To keep this vast mechanism always electrically alive and dependable is the unending task of tens of thousands of skillful men and women in every state in the Union.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

BELL SYSTEM

One Policy, One System, Universal Service

The Builder of Christmas Cove

Continued from page 167

deserve them. "Be good and sail; be bad and stay at home," will be the watchword. The Rotary Clubs of the different cities, whence the visitors come, will look after the details of transportation, but all fares, salaries, subsistence and administration expenses will be met by Mr. Miles. Mr. Miles sought to have the State give the taxes on the real estate to the youthful beneficiaries of his generosity, but the Legislature refused to do so unless the scheme was incorporated, which he didn't feel like doing.

There seems to be a tonic quality in Maine air and sunshine that makes children healthy, happy, hearty young animals, ready always for a fight

or a frolic. To watch them pouring out of a schoolhouse door at recess time like young and frolicsome colts let loose is to watch a sight well worth remembering. Nowhere in the world can you find finer, straighter, cleaner, clearer-eyed, more eager, energetic and earnest young boys and girls than the little country schools of Maine are turning out to begin their battle with the world. Birth has much to do with it, and home training and environment—but you must allow something for the climate, for the Maine air and sunshine, just as you must allow for them when you sink your teeth in a juicy and flavorsome Maine apple—among the finest in the world.

Maine air and sunshine and Samuel A. Miles, aided, seconded and abetted by his good wife and the Salvation Army, are doing a splendid work—more power to him, it and them!

The Life That Caused a City's Rejuvenation

Continued from page 169

there was at least one day each year when they envied the poor, and that was the day given over to one of Sammy Nichols' Burgoo Soup Festivals.

During the twenty years of such activity Mr. Nichols never lost a child (at the St. Louis Exposition one little girl strayed away and was gone for twenty minutes). They never met with an accident, and what is even more remarkable, they never had a rainy day. It seems that even the forces of Nature smiled upon these benefactions that meant so much to the poor and did so much for the city of Jacksonville.

Failing health forced Mr. Nichols to give up these Burgoo Soup Days, and he says: "These festivals were provided for the poor; they often made my bank account look sick, but I wouldn't trade even the memory of them for a million dollars."

How much money has he given away for the benefit of the people of his community? That question will never be answered this side of the grave. He has educated many deserving young boys and girls of whom only he and his banker know. His public benefactions have been many and include \$10,000 for the purchase and improvement of ninety-nine and one-half acres, an old corn field and an apple orchard, and thirteen acres, now a reservoir, where the city water supply is stored, from which also the park swimming and boating pools and lakes receive their water. He gave \$15,000 for a nurse's home in connection with the Pasavant Hospital, and has made many other contributions to the public and private institutions that run his benefactions up near to the six figure column.

His greatest pride is now centered in Nichols Park, where he serves as chairman of the Park Board of Commissioners, and displays his badge with as much pride as a newly-arrived citizen from Cork would display his New York policeman's badge.

A person who could sell him as much as an extra necktie for his personal use could make money buying from the pawn-brokers and selling to the junk-dealers. He lives for others.

He said to the writer: "I often pity the old tight-wads who sit down and watch their money like a mean dog does a bone. They can't get any good out of their money, neither can their friends."

Could such deeds as these produce anything else but good will? Wouldn't it be strange if, after fifty-eight years of such public service, and such benefactions as these, the people could not go for five years without a dissenting vote being cast in their city council? One of the first problems that was forced upon the attention of the present Mayor of Jacksonville after he took office was that of reckless automobile driving. The Council felt it did not have the money with which to employ sufficient policemen, and the reckless joy riders took full advantage of the situation by going the limit.

One day a merchant who saw a mother and little child barely escape being run down, went to the Mayor and lodged a vigorous complaint. He said:

"If I were a policeman, I would see to it that certain speeders were stopped."

Instantly the Mayor replied, "You are a policeman. You are appointed now."

And within thirty minutes that merchant had filed his bond and reported for duty. A few minutes later he was upon his beat, with a policeman's star upon his breast, doing traffic duty without pay.

This spirit was contagious, and within a few days seventy-five men were on police duty, serving without pay, and they did a wonderful thing for their city, not only in a traffic way, but by the general encouragement that their efforts gave to others in the work of helping Jacksonville in her hour of financial distress.

One reason for this ready response was that general feeling of kindness permeating much that has been done at Jacksonville. Some of those business and tradesmen had been numbered among those who had been taught at the Burgoo Soup Festivals that there are many people in the world who think of the welfare of others as well as of their own advancement.

These seventy-five citizens, serving without pay, gave a new importance to the policeman's job, and by their service they elevated policemen everywhere.

And now comes another step forward. It was taken by the same Samuel W. Nichols, who has done so many unusual things, each of which stand out and furnish a story of itself. Mr. Nichols says:

"I don't believe it is right to teach children to be afraid of policemen. I want our children to understand that our policemen are their friends."

To bring this about he has set aside a fund, the interest of which is to be spent for the children, to inspire them with the spirit of Christmas.

As a result, we read such local items as this, taken from the *Jacksonville Journal*.

Members of the local police force have been busy during the past three days in dispensing the Christmas spirit and some substantial evidences of it to children of the city. One hundred and sixty-five packages have been prepared and distributed, by virtue of the funds available from the Nichols Christmas Foundation.

Although that fund, established by S. W. Nichols, is not yet a year old, it has earned a hundred dollars, all of which was spent in the purchase of Christmas candy, nuts, fruits and toys for children. The preparation and distribution of the gifts is under the direction of the chief of police and his men. All members of the day force have been busy in this work.

Most of the gifts were delivered Friday afternoon by high school students, who furnished their cars for the good work. Saturday morning members of the police force delivered the remaining gifts.

Next year the income from the fund, which amounts to \$2,500, will be much greater, as the full year's interest can be secured. The sum of \$150 can be spent for gifts next Christmas, and much more can be done with the fund to supply good cheer in the homes of the city.

Can anyone even read of this activity without feeling a nobler aspiration to do more for others? Can children grow up under such influences and not feel more kindly towards city officials?

Illinois College has honored itself by electing Samuel W. Nichols an alumnus of the College, and it is public gossip that after he dies the people of Morgan County will erect a monument to his memory, but if I were a member of that band of Trustees, I would never cease my efforts until the College honored itself by asking Samuel W. Nichols to honor the College by accepting the degree of P. B., which, being interpreted, as most degrees have to be, would mean Public Benefactor.

Samuel W. Nichols needs no such thing as a degree. He is, and has been for the past twenty-five years, a local institution.

He says: "I am a lay preacher. I don't believe in any religion that you can lock up on Sunday night and keep in a desk until Sunday morning. I believe in a seven-day religion that works all of the time."

So, in studying the causes for Jacksonville's rejuvenation, it would be like studying "Hamlet," and striving to make Polonius the hero, to fail to see that the causes of much of the good will and public spirit that is actuating the people of that city are due to the things that Samuel W. Nichols has done while he lived and worked out his own salvation here, among men.

Hiram's Harlem Flat

by Ellis Parker Butler

I BEEN down tu New York City
Visitin' son Hiram thar;
He's makin' quite a livin'
Workin' on a trolley car.
But, I swan, the place he lives in's
'Bout right size tu hold a cat—
Never see sich skimpy quarters
Ez his five-room Harlem flat.

Him an' Lindy sez it's cozy,
But my room was so dinged small
I was scared tu breathe real hearty
Fear I'd bust the bedroom wall.
Beds? They dassn't hev no real ones;
Ain't no room fer sich ez that—
Why! B'gosh! My old four poster's
Bigger 'n his hull five-room flat.

They jist hev these foldin' 'traptions,
Double up when you ain't in,
An' their kitchen! Well, Ma's pantry
Is at least ez big agin.
Lindy's jist a leetle critter—
Lucky that she ain't ez fat
Ez my wife. Dumbefed Ma's rocker
Ain't ez big ez Lindy's flat!

Why, when fellers come a hangin'
New wall paper on the wall,
Fust they hev tu scrape the old off
Er they'd be no room at all!
But my son don't seem tu mind it,
Sez ez long ez they don't spat
Thet it only brings 'em closter,
So they like their Harlem flat.

Ez fer room, he sez, by jingo!
Even if the fit is tight
In some ways it's plenty roomy
An' I reckon thet he's right—
Him an' Lindy's mighty happy
So I sez with Hiram that
You kin crowd love without limit
In a five-room Harlem flat.

The Great Admiral's Ghost

Continued from page 168

the edge of the emerald ocean near the reef where *The Sea Venture* went to pieces in the storm of many years ago. He had been having it out with his father, too, though he did not tell the girl so, and the Governor, half angry and half amused over his son's infatuation, bethought himself of a plan. Also, he watched from the balcony of the Government House his son saunter away and wondered if he was going to the Admiral's garden. "If I can't scare him, I can frighten the girl out of her pretty senses, and it's about time I put a stop to it, any how," he laughed to himself. He was a resourceful person, the ruler of these sea-girt islands, and when he noticed a storm gathering, he murmured to himself, "A rousing tempest will help my little plot amazingly."

The sunny afternoon wore on, but the occupants of the garden, their arms about each other, did not realize the passing of time, nor see the black clouds gathering, nor feel the wind livening up, nor look for ancient ghosts. They were sheltered in a secluded spot, surrounded by roses and a hibiscus hedge, while the wild passion vine trailed across the rocks at their feet. About them fluttered cardinals and song birds, and over their heads a goldfinch sang his song of love.

Suddenly it grew dark, and the full blast of the gale burst upon them. Rose clung to Robert and their lips met in a long, wonderful kiss. At that moment there was a flash of lightning, followed by prolonged thunder. As they turned they saw a ship at the water's edge, St. Elmo's fire alight at the tip of every mast and spar. Amid the dashing waves and swirling sand stood a tall, stern figure, pointing at them menacingly.

"The Admiral's ghost!" shrieked Rose.

Through the whistling wind came a voice, "No good will come of your love, my children. Before it is too late, you must part!" The howling wind drowned out whatever else he said, the waves dashed on the rocks, the lightning glittered again and struck nearby with a hissing, crackling sound. Rose shrieked and backed away in terror from the apparition, while Robert, slowly and as one bereft of his will, followed the beckoning figure of the ghost down, down, toward the water's edge. A ringing sound filled the girl's ears, the garden wavered before her, and she slipped into unconsciousness.

How long she lay there she did not know, but when she recovered her senses, all was dark, the storm had passed, Robert had disappeared and she was alone. Trembling and weeping with fear, she made her way home slowly, her heart heavy with premonitions of disaster.

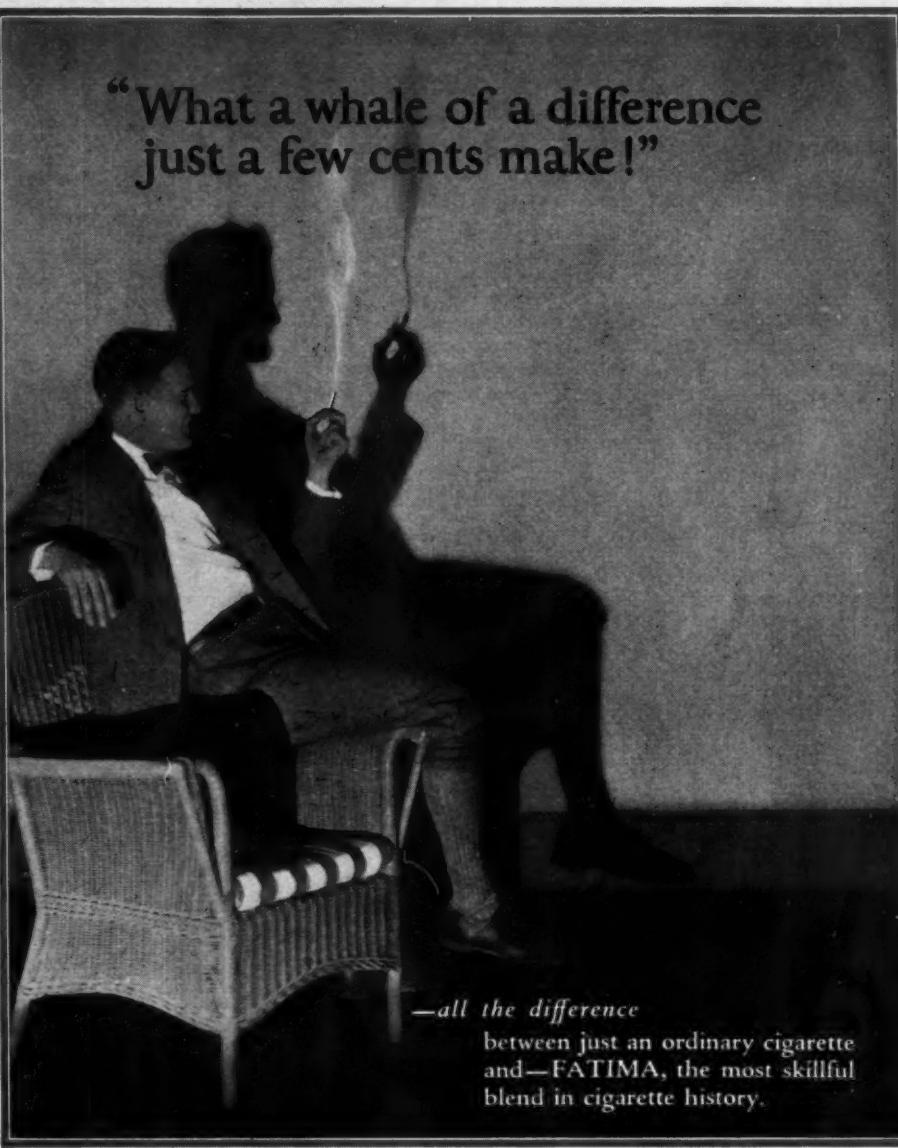
"What's the trouble, Rose, are you sick?" exclaimed her father, jumping to his feet as she opened the door of her house. "Where have you been? Out in all this storm? You're as wet as a drowned rat. Why didn't that fellow take care of you?"

"Oh, father!" sobbed the girl, "he's drowned!" "Drowned! What do you mean?"

"The old Admiral appeared to us in the garden and drew Robert down under the water with him—I know he did—" she sobbed.

"Bosh!" ejaculated the grocer. "Buncombe, my dear, all that notion. Just what did you see?"

But Rose was too overcome with cold and wet and fear to tell him any more, and Dina, the darky maid, was summoned to put her to bed without further delay. She went off to sleep like a child, and the next morning the sun had been



—all the difference

between just an ordinary cigarette
and—FATIMA, the most skillful
blend in cigarette history.

up for several hours before she awakened. Her father had gone off somewhere without a word, and when he came back, he went up to his daughter's room and sat down heavily in a chair beside the bed.

"Robert—have they missed him? Has anybody asked about him? What will the Governor say?" Rose demanded, sitting up in bed, her heavy braids of brown hair tumbling down on either side of her night dress.

"The Governor! Huh, he's a sly one. There's nothing happened to your precious boy, my dear."

"Have you seen him, and didn't he get drowned after all?"

"Drowned, nothing. He's on board the steamer that sailed for Liverpool this morning, and I fancy, my dear, that you won't see him for some time," and the good grocer looked searchingly at his daughter to see how the news affected her.

Rose's eyes snapped, and her face flushed with anger. "Then he deserted me last night! If I could face down a ghost, he could! He's a coward to have left me there alone."

"There wasn't any ghost, my girl," and the grocer shook his head.

"I saw him, I tell you."

"Look here, you've heard about those goings-on up to the Government House, fancy dress parties, masquerades, and the Lord knows what—"

"What have they got to do with it?" asked Rose wonderingly.

"Didn't you know what the Governor dressed himself up as? The old Admiral! He's got wig, clothes, and everything. I been up with the groceries this morning, talking to the cook. He played it on you pretty good, I say. 'Twas the Governor himself you saw, taking away his precious boy."

Rose's temper rose and she exclaimed, "If I ever see Robert again—"

"T isn't likely you will, for his father packed him off at early dawn. What are you going to do now?"

For Rose had thrown aside the coverlet and was sitting up. "I'm going to get up," she declared, "and you must take me down to the garden to hear the band play this afternoon."

"Sure I will," said the bewildered father, "but what's the idea?"

"There's as good fish in the sea as ever were caught," replied his daughter.

"John Farnham's a jolly good fellow," suggested the grocer hopefully.

Affairs at Washington

Continued from page 151

seem to have proved in the light of the recent election, and he stood foursquare to the winds against the same wave of communism and socialism as he did in the days when even his friends wondered if his political career would ever survive the determined stand which he took at that time.



THE national election, just concluded, again demonstrates the innate saneness of the American people. Republicans or Democrats, Populists or Socialist-Labor—whatever the denomination of the particular party with which they are affiliated, at least about 99 per cent of the voters of this great country are Americans before everything else, and go to the polls honestly intent upon casting their vote for that man whom they consider the best man for the place, regardless of party or creed.

Over and over was this proved to be a fact in the election just held. Did the Democrats re-elect Al. Smith as Governor of New York—or the Republicans elect Alvan Fuller as Governor of Massachusetts? No! The people of those sovereign states rallied at the polls and voted for the man they wanted to have for their Governor. Thousands and thousands of Republicans voted for Al. Smith, as indisputably proved by the returns—and to even up the score thousands and thousands of Democrats voted for Alvan Fuller. These were both personal victories—as the election of Calvin Coolidge to be our President for four years more was a personal victory. Was Coolidge elected by the Republicans? Never in a million years! He was elected by Americans! by the votes of men and women whose ancestors came to these shores upon the *Mayflower*—by the votes of men and women whose grandparents, or whose parents, came to this land of liberty in the steerage—by the votes of men and women who themselves, but a little time ago perhaps, exchanged their allegiance to some country of the Old World for their final papers as citizens of the New World!

And there, my friends, is a thought for you. And the reason why we are all such good Americans, and the reason why America is so good a country in which to live. We are all emigrants—or the sons or daughters or grandsons or granddaughters, or great-grandsons or great-granddaughters of emigrants. Three hundred years ago there was no America, in the social and political sense, I mean. It was a virgin country—a vast and fertile continent waiting to be inhabited. We came here and made it ours—our home, our country. We came from every nook and corner of the Old World—from that Europe old and blase and corrupt and satiated when still America, the new nation, was sucking at the breast.

We came because in this, our Land of Dreams, we saw the fulfilled vision of our own desires. We saw freedom, equality, opportunity with an open door—a land to rival the lost Atlantis.

Shall we be recreant to the trust implied by our acceptance into the new family among the nations? No! We may indulge in petty discord—we may misunderstand some essential issues—we may be led astray at times by the sounding cymbals of demagogues or the venom of partisanship, but in the end we have but one thought—what is best for the United States?—for our State, our city, or our town? Who is the best man to be our President—or our Governor—or our first selectman?

When the shouting and the tumult of an election has been stilled and the smoke of the red fire has blown away, we always find that the national consciousness has asserted itself again, and that the country has been saved; as it has a habit of being saved—as it always will be saved so long as all good Americans stand together on the basic principles of right and righteousness. For at heart we are all Americans first—and Democrats or Republicans, or Populists second, and being free men

Continued on page 182



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WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET

HOTEL SHERWIN

Vernon C. McGill, Owner and Manager
Sherwin Avenue at Lake Michigan, Chicago

Harold Vining—New England Poet

Continued from page 152

cold Western land, calling to its beloved sun, dying of incomunicable anguish, oppressed alike by cold and love! That would be the type of many an existence.

Great is the symbol of being, but that which is symbolled is greater;

Vast the created and known, but vaster the inward Creator.

Back of the sound broods the silence; back of the gift is the Giver,

Never a daisy that grows, but a Mystery guideth its growing;

Never a river that flows, but a Majesty Sceptres its flowing.

Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him;

Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a greater than he hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden;

Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is bidden.

Space is nothing to spirit; the deed is outdone by the doing;

The noblest are reared by example, and blossom by nursery wooing.

Back of the foreguard and leader, stands silent, heroic, some other;

And colossal behind the achievement, stands meekly that angel, the mother.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

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WILL H. CHAPPLE, Business Manager.

Swear to and subscribed before me, this 2nd day of October, 1924.

Chas. D. M. Bishop, Notary Public.

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(From Boston Evening Transcript, July 30, 1924)

OUR AFTER-WAR PRESIDENT

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The book is Mr. Chapple's own story of his trips with President Harding to Panama and Alaska. He seems to have gained an unlimited supply of anecdotes connected with the last forty years of our political history. He, consequently, unrolls the life-story of his hero, assuming that it is

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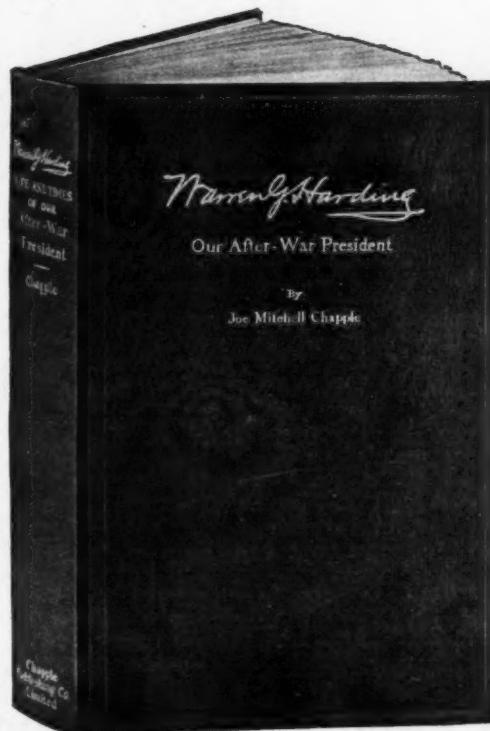
(From Columbus Ohio State Journal)

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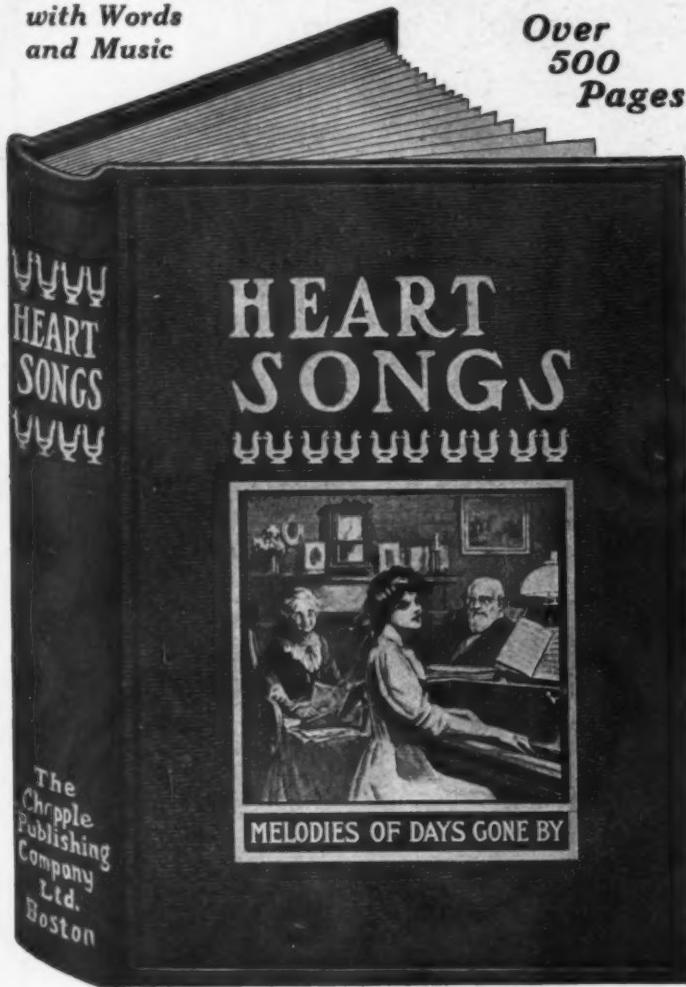
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Will gain the public favor and hold it — for a day.
But when the day is ended, and we are tired and worn,

And more than half persuaded that man was made to mourn,

How soothing then the music our fathers used to know!

The songs of sense and feeling, the songs of long ago!
The "Jungle Joe" effusions and kindred roundelay
Will do to hum or whistle throughout our busy days;
And in the garish limelight the yodelers may yell,
And Injun songs may flourish — and all is passing well;

But when to light the heavens the shining stars return,
And in the cottage windows the lights begin to burn,
When parents and their children are seated by the fire,
Remote from worldly clamor and all the world's desire,

When eyes are soft and shining, and hearts with love aglow,

How pleasant is the singing of songs of long ago!

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On a bitterly cold day in the spring of 1626 a carriage rolled up before a cottage near Highgate in England.

Out of it stepped Lord Francis Bacon, one of the master minds of Old England. His marvelous brain had been pondering over the effect of freezing temperature in the preservation of meat. Nothing would do but to experiment at once.

Buying a chicken, Lord Macaulay tells us, he had it plucked and drawn. Then he proceeded to stuff it with snow. While thus engaged he suffered a sudden chill. A week later he died. In the last letter written by his hand, however, he did not omit to mention that his experiment with the snow had succeeded "excellently well."

So far ahead of his time was Bacon

that it was not until nearly 250 years later that the principles of refrigeration were practically applied to the preservation of meat.

Until 1865 the meat packing industry was a cold weather business. The hot months were a problem.

This problem was solved—it seemed ideally—when, between 1865 and 1870, packers began to use natural ice to refrigerate rooms in which fresh and cured meat was kept.

This method prevailed until 1890 when mechanical refrigeration came into general use in the packing industry. This principle was utilized in producing cold without the use of natural ice.

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Throughout the year cattle can now be dressed at any of the widely distributed modern packing plants and the meat shipped practically everywhere. Markets which were local before refrigeration have become limitless. Fresh meat is now available throughout the country every day in the year. And the livestock grower has been furnished a year-round market for his animals at cash prices.

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You Learn to Read at Sight

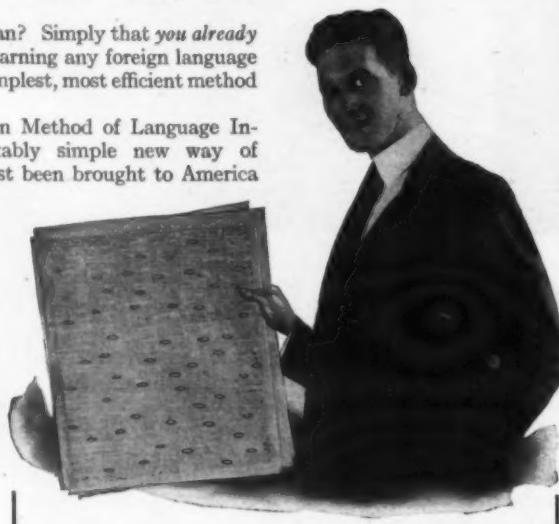
Suppose, for example, you decide to learn French. (The Pelman System is just as effective with other languages.) When you open the first lesson of the Pelman Method you will be surprised to see not a single word of explanation in English. But you will soon realize that English is not necessary. You will find that your knowledge of English has given you hundreds of words, you already know, which appear almost exactly the same in French.

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Hundreds of words you use are almost the same in French, Spanish and German

Here are over 40 from a page of a New York paper:

| | | |
|--------------|----------------|---------------|
| reaction | national | naturally |
| conservative | class | liberal |
| tendency | energetic | aspiration |
| illustrate | industrial | aristocracy |
| contraction | interest | element |
| theory | organization | constellation |
| absolute | department | command |
| dictator | brutal | moral |
| political | police | revolution |
| social | capitalist | conspire |
| ethical | administration | conference |
| practical | inspection | delegate |
| ignore | problem | historical |
| eminent | commissioner | consequence |

encountered no difficulty whatever and was able to enjoy many conversations with my French friends who do not speak English. On no occasion was I compelled to give up because of my inability to express myself—thanks to your excellent course."

Still another student sent this letter:

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Travel and Resort Section

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Greece
Australia **Egypt**
New Zealand
Manchuria
Korea
**The Holy Land
and Syria**

All beckon to you with their own peculiar lure. Wherever it may be, in the following pages you will find valuable information and suggestions regarding how to go and where to stay

Danzig: The Place Americans Forget*

By BERTHA HOLMAN

The first of a series of illustrated travel articles on "Poland—Land of Beauty and Romance," to appear in forthcoming numbers of the NATIONAL by special arrangement with *Poland Magazine*.

Danzig is a free city today—neither German nor Polish. Through it Poland has access to the sea. Without it Polish agriculture and Polish industry cannot prosper. But there are other reasons why the Poles have a very live interest in this port,—once the old Polish city of Gdansk. In truth, they consider it their very own, just as they do Warsaw or Poznan, for it was as far back as 1466 that Gdansk and the Vistula mouth became an integral part of Poland, remaining that country's great port until the Prussian conquest, and if today the educated Pole knows by statistics that Danzig is of mixed nationality, the peasant knows by tradition that Gdansk is a Polish town.

If the American tourist forgets Danzig, the Polish, the German, and the Russian voyagers (the Russian force, alas!) do not. Indeed, a stranger arriving in Danzig on a rainy morning (and many of the mornings last season were rainy) may not receive his first glimpse of this city of the North under the most auspicious circumstances. The gentle art of room hunting will be an excellent test of his disposition. It is a disappointment that the room he has reserved

a week in advance has not been held because his train is half an hour late. Why, the hotel-keeper argues, should he save a room for someone arriving on a delayed train, when it is really easier to rent it to the first person in the line of applicants?

But if the stranger be an optimist, he perhaps will appreciate the opportunity of meeting the clerks of all the hotels in the city so soon; and he finds a guardian angel in the form of his



The "Frauentor" or "Women's Gate" in Danzig, with its Gothic Archway



Danzig is a City of Beauty and Quaintness

"droschka" driver, who, perched rather high between his fare and his not too sleek horse, looks like a twelve-year-old playing grown-up, in his long slack-fitting coat, and his tall hat several sizes too big for him so that it rests rather on the tops of his ears than on his head. For the trifling sum of ten cents (by today's exchange; by yesterday's it would have been twelve, and we wonder what it will be by tomorrow!) he can be driven to the outskirts of the city, directed to mount three flights and ring the bell on the right. Having mounted and rung, a veritable pessimist is cheered at finding any shelter whatsoever, and sleeping in a room in a private apartment, beneath a feather bed, becomes a blessed privilege. Besides, the price he pays in German marks is equal to less than fifty cents a day!

It is, of course, because the American tourist does forget Danzig that prices have remained as

they are. To be sure, they are constantly rising. The above mentioned Poles and Germans (most of the Russians can afford no more than the merest necessities), are there buying so fast that if the stranger goes into one of the shops brimful of interesting wares, and, looking perhaps at sticks, sees ten—any one of which he thinks he may buy—he may return the next day to find none left, or perhaps one, in which case the price will be doubled. Small wonder that the Pole buys heavily, when he can get clothing, not to mention liqueurs, which he can smuggle across the border without the slightest difficulty, at double the quality, and less than half the price he would have to pay for it in Warsaw. But in spite of the fact that the bewildered stranger feels that in a week's time there will be nothing whatever left in the shops in Danzig, neither the Pole nor the German can afford to buy if prices are not low. It is the American tourist who is the bugbear of Europeans, with his dollar, which especially just now, is almighty indeed.

From the American's point of view, however, he would do well to come to Danzig. The average American of course realizes, perhaps vaguely, that Danzig is interesting historically and politically. He no doubt knows its geographical importance, that it is one of the largest ports on the Baltic, that it has been, and will again be, the center of enormous exportations of lumber, grain and sugar from Russia and the fertile plains of the Vistula. He remembers that at the time of the Treaty of Versailles it was an open question as to whether it would be left with Germany, and

remain Danzig, or be restored to Poland, and again have its old Polish name of Gdansk, and that the question was finally settled by creating the Danzig Free State. If his schooldays are not too far behind, he may recall that its possession, since 1309, has been transferred from the Poles to the Prussians, back again from the Prussians to the Poles, and still again from the Poles to the Prussians. The Poles still feel very bitter about the German crusaders who first took Danzig from them. The treachery is written of in Sienkiewicz's novel "The Knights of the Cross." Invited by the Poles to come to their city on the Baltic for the purpose of spreading Christianity, the Teutonic missionaries accepted the invitation in 1228, but soon succumbed to the temptation of seizing the riches of Poland, and on St. Dominic's Day, 1308, they fell upon the city, massacring ten thousand of the inhabitants. It was in 1410, when Danzig was retaken by the Poles under Jagiello, that the Golden Age began, during which unprecedented prosperity was enjoyed by the city, commerce extending as far as Genoa and Venice, and trade flourishing between Danzig and England and Scotland. After 1793, when Germany again took Danzig, this prosperity diminished, but nevertheless the city has always been a great industrial center.

But few Americans realize that Danzig is a city of beauty and quaintness. At least few, if the stranger can judge by the number of people he heard speaking English during four days there, i. e., one nurse-maid. The buildings are interesting from the tips of their weather-vanes (which must be placed there for their beauty, for certainly one or two in each block, rather than twenty or so, would suffice for mere utility) to their massive, beautifully carved doors and balustrades, and their ponderous knockers. There are streets which are like those of Warsaw, streets which are like those of Berlin, and streets with low, red-roofed stucco houses, with paned windows, where old women and children sit on the steps and invite the stranger to kodak. The very names of the streets are interesting: there is "Lang Gasse," or Long Road, for example, and another which, translated, is "Milk-can Street."

For the person who wishes to do sight-seeing "as she is done," there is St. Mary's, the fifth largest church in the world, containing a beautifully carved altar, and having a six-ton bell, the tone of which is very deep and rich. There is the Town Hall, with its historical paintings, mostly by Polish artists. There is the Cathedral, where, in the Chapel of St. Dorothea, hangs the marvellously preserved "Last Judgment" of Hans Memling, brought to Danzig as loot in the days when some of her inhabitants sailed the seas as pirates. And there is the picturesque mill, seen beautifully from a bridge over the



The "Frauengasse," Danzig

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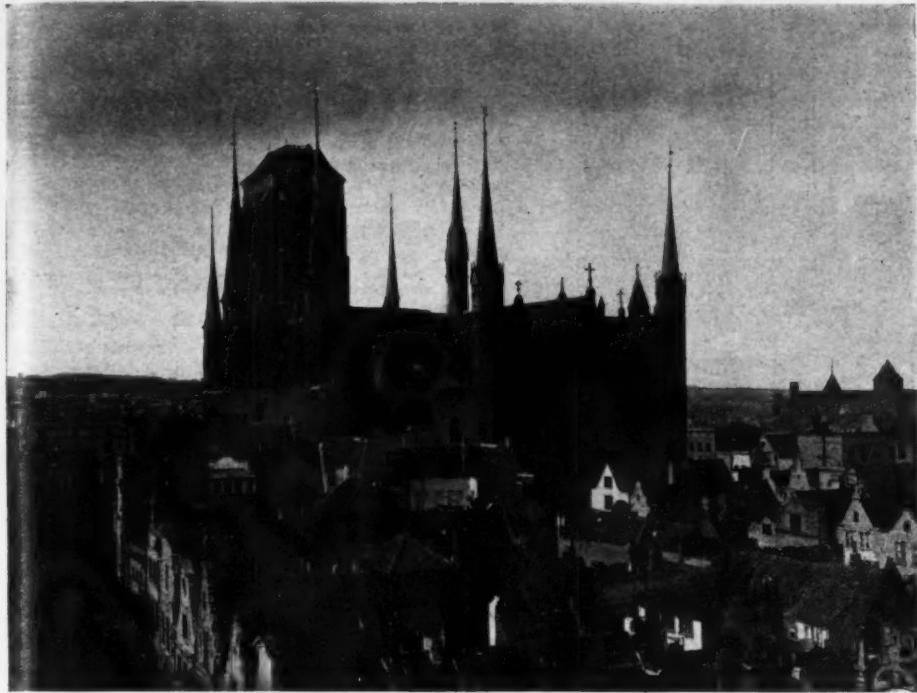
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The Cathedral of Danzig Rises Above a Sea of Undulating Roofs

stream which flows lazily through the town, unquestionably the most frequently painted, etched and photographed building in Danzig.

A tourist can become acquainted with two countries in Danzig. There are still many Poles living there, who, with the charm of their voices and their vivacity, are very much in contrast to their more stolid German neighbors. But the Germans have the advantage in numbers: it seems that at least three-fourths of the population must be German. Danzig, free state or no, is still body and substance of the Vaterland.

Hence the stranger has an excellent chance to study the German here.

The most marked characteristic of the Danzigers of German extraction, after business instinct, seems to be family devotion. There are children everywhere, and very happy children. Small wonder, when Father or Big Brother is always ready to amuse them.

Another member of these Danzig German families, who seems to be quite as happy as the children, is the dog, evidently no family being complete without at least one. The German is as kind to his dog as he is to his children, and a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals seems to be quite unnecessary in Danzig.

Mr. Cook or Mr. Raymond Whitcomb would do well to feature this almost virgin tour. What American, unless he were of the class who will travel only *de luxe*, would not enjoy a voyage on a boat—the first class accommodations of which have preserved a flavor almost unknown to ocean liners in this day of "progress." From the moment he left New York harbor he would feel himself in a new world, and close enough to the ships' officers to feel a bit of the thrill experienced by the old discoverers.

After two weeks on a route so far north as to be delightfully cool, he would land at a port where he could spend as much time sight-seeing as he liked, where he could buy, for a mere song, gifts for his whole family, amber beads (for the Amber Coast of the Baltic has been famous since Roman times), etchings, and filet lace for his wife, a meerschaum pipe and a pair of gloves for his son, a cigarette holder for his daughter, and for his maiden aunt, who perchance is a D. A. R. and will look at nothing that is not old, something from one of the antique shops. He could dine at the Ratskeller for twenty cents and have a bottle of incredibly excellent



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The Oft-painted Old Mill, Danzig

Madeira or Rhine wine for thirty cents more. What could be more appealing to the taste of the dry American?

If he preferred a resort, he could go down to Zoppot, twenty minutes out from Danzig. Here he would find the rooming situation even worse than in Danzig. Hundreds of people arrive every day, even entire families, and spend many hours without knowing where they will lay their heads. But, after he has made an acquaintance who promises to give him his room when he leaves the next day, and obligingly offers him his couch for the night, he can enjoy life as he will. He can spend his days playing roulette and his evenings at cabarets where he will be entertained by Russian refugees, who, as everyone knows since "Chauve Souris" give excellent vaudevilles. Or, if he prefers to lead the simple life, he can sail, take long walks on the beach or short ones to wilderness of sand, sea and sky where he can "loaf and invite his soul" while breathing the sparkling air of the Baltic.

His taste for the picturesque can be gratified by the fish-nets hung up to dry, or by the terra cotta-sailed boats brought to dock at the pier at evening. From the shelter of a hooded chair, of which there are many on the beach, he can watch the Baltic, glittering blue in the sunshine, crimson at sunset, or, subtle and mysterious, veiled in the gray of rain.

European Travel Hints

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ON SHIPBOARD

ALL luggage not brought to the pier with the passenger should arrive the day before and be claimed on sailing day at least two hours before departure of the steamer.

Passengers should be aboard one hour before sailing. The deck steward should be interviewed at once and arrangements made for a steamer chair and rug (if these have not been ordered by letter). The choice of positions for the steamer chair depends upon individual tastes, and whether one prefers the shade, the sun, or a quiet corner. Steamer chairs and rugs rent for \$1.50 each for the voyage. The bath steward should be found and a convenient hour selected for the bath. Later in the day the dining-room chief steward should be consulted regarding your seat at table, especially if you wish to sit with friends. The price of your ticket includes all meals except the a-la-carte service in the Ritz restaurants on the larger liners, if one is traveling first cabin. Besides the usual three meals a day, broth is served on deck during the morning, tea in the afternoon and a light buffet supper about ten o'clock. Call at the purser's office for letters and telegrams and information regarding steamer boxes of books, fruit or flowers. The saloon steward upon request will furnish paper, envelopes, stamps, telegraph or radio blanks, and letters or telegrams may be sent ashore by the harbor pilot about two hours after sailing. Toward the end of the voyage a collection is generally taken for the ship's orchestra—one or two dollars a person is the usual amount given. Also a collection is taken for the Seamen's Widow and Orphan Fund. Fees should be distributed

NEXT MONTH!

"Bagdad—the City of Arabian Nights!"

By the Editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Completing a journey of 15,000 miles by sea, by rail, by auto, by airplane and by camel—after a thrilling dash of thirty hours across the desert from Damascus—a trip that requires eighteen days by camel caravan—the editor of the NATIONAL, as evening fell, "through the windshield of a Cadillac, in the glare of an Oriental sun, caught his first glimpse of the City of Caliphs."

Don't miss this treat! Order your copy of the December NATIONAL at once—and wander with Joe Mitchell Chapple through the narrow, tortuous streets of the ancient city that was old and famous a thousand years before Christ was born—and see the strange sights and smell the strange smells of the bazaars.

Mr. Chapple has just returned from a swift moving journey through the Far East, with hundreds of wonderful photographs and a mind stored and brimming over with strange and interesting things for the readers of the NATIONAL.

You Don't Want to Miss the Forthcoming Issues Containing Installments of the
BIG TRAVEL FEATURE OF THE YEAR!

at the end of the voyage. Regarding tips, it is difficult to state exactly the right amount, as the service rendered and the service required vary in each case. However, we place before you the following data which will not be far wrong providing you are an average sailor without too exacting tastes. Stewards on the larger liners expect more than those on the smaller ships, and those in second cabin expect less than those in first. While feeding is not compulsory, yet it is considered a part of the stewards' pay and custom has made it so. We would suggest that the minimum be:

| | First cabin | Second cabin or cabin-steamer |
|---------------------------|-------------|-------------------------------|
| Table steward | \$5 to \$10 | \$3 to \$5 |
| Room steward | 5 to 10 | 3 to 5 |
| Deck steward | 2 | 1.50 |
| Lounge or library steward | 2 | 1.50 |
| Bath steward | 2 | 1.00 |
| Boots steward | 1 | .50 |
| Smoking room steward | 2 | 1.50 |

If the passenger is seasick and meals are served on deck by the deck steward, the table steward should receive less and the deck steward more. Ladies do not find it necessary to remember the smoking room steward, or gentlemen the lounge steward unless for the use of the library. Ladies who require the constant attention of the stewardess will add to the list an amount equivalent to the room steward's fee.

HOTELS

You will find in Paris and London that New York prices are charged by the large fashionable hotels. However, in these same cities excellent hotels at moderate cost can be secured, with room and breakfast for about \$2.75. The average traveler will find it more convenient, contrary to general opinion, to follow the American plan at hotels in Europe except in London

and Paris, especially if he is unfamiliar with the language of the country. This means, of course, room and three meals a day at the same hotel. The moderate priced hotels on the continent, with the exception of Italy, are generally excellent. Those in Italy are fair. In Great Britain, except in London and Liverpool, even the best hotels are generally poor according to our standards, and the service very slow. Many of the first class hotels in Europe do not have running water in the rooms, and there are few rooms with private bath. The bowl and pitcher is still in vogue. A continental breakfast consists of rolls and butter, with tea, coffee, or chocolate, and possibly the additional luxury of a jar of marmalade or jam. Lunch consists of hors d'oeuvre, entree, cheese and dessert. The principal meal of the day is dinner, consisting of soup, fish, roast, salad and dessert. Butter is rarely served except at breakfast, or perhaps with the hors d'oeuvre at lunch. When requested at other times, this is charged for extra. Coffee and tea are always extras except at breakfast, and are charged for accordingly. An English breakfast is similar to ours, and includes cereal, eggs or fish in some form, with toast and marmalade, coffee or tea. In many of the continental hotels ten to fifteen per cent is added to the bill as a service charge in place of tips. This amount is distributed by the desk to the room maid, the table waiter and other servants, but does not include luggage porters or the hall porter. The latter, called the "concierge" on the continent, is a walking encyclopedia, and can make or mar your stay at any hotel. Go to him for all necessary information. Where there is a station porter in connection with the hotel, he expects a small tip likewise, as does the omnibus driver who takes you to and from the station. In England the tips are not usually added to the bill, and most hotels prefer that the guest personally deliver the tips to the servants. We suggest that possibly a little more than 10 per cent of the amount of your bill be divided among the servants, if the stay is short. For a longer visit at one hotel this amount can be reduced to 9 per cent, or even 7 per cent according to the type of hotel used.

Since the war many hotels also charge a tax de luxe or tax de séjour, according to the amount of your bill and the city. Do not be surprised at these extras. We do not advise the use of moderate priced hotels in Spain or Portugal, as the best are none too comfortable.

Baths are paid for extra in all European hotels. The charge for the same is usually about twenty-five cents. Afternoon tea is generally served in English hotels, but is charged for extra. Hotels in England have fixed hours for meal service, and the guest is expected to be prompt.

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